

NOVA TREK



"THELEN"

BY

MOBRUFFY

BASED ON THE UNSOLD SPEC-SCRIPT

*Based on concepts created by
Gene Roddenberry*



**MDB
COMICS**

**Book
12**

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Not Alone

They'd gone to bed like they always did. Everything seemed fine. Next morning, she woke.

He did not- and never would.

The tears did not come then. Even as the medical team came and confirmed the death, she didn't let it show. She'd learned that showing it wasn't the Vulcan way.

Yet, as condolence messages came in from all over the Union, she felt more and more detached as the day went on.

Sarek and Amanda came home. She wouldn't see them- couldn't see them as the shock and loss built within her.

Finally, by evening, she knew she had to get away from all the attention. She just started wandering. First, just around Shir'kar. But everywhere she went, memories were there.

As the sun began to set, she found herself at the Pon Farr Arena with no memory of how she got there. For a long time, she just stood near the fire pit, looking up at the darkening sky. Then she closed her eyes as she began to tremble and the shakes tried to envelope her.

She fell to her knees and closed her eyes as tears ran down her face.

Somehow Tam was there with her arms around her, holding her as the crying consumed her. She was vaguely aware of Shev standing nearby as they both gave her their strength and their compassion, proving to her she was not alone in her grief.




PROLOGUE ONE:

Captain's Log: Stardate: 20154.6
Tamera Kirk recording.

Resupply of the *West Virginia*'s anti-matter stores is almost complete. Once done, she'll be good for another six years.

Crew replacements are nearly complete as well
—Except for my new navigator, who is now one hour late...






Captain, Engineering reports that the resupply of the anti-matter is complete.

Good.

Now if only-

Swoosh




And you are?

Picard, Captain. Jean-Luc.

Swoosh


Well, Picard, Jean-Luc, would you care to tell me why you're an hour late for your first training flight?



I...I was in a rush to get here and got on the wrong air tram, Captain.

Instead of the one from Paris to San Francisco, I...ended up on the one to Tokyo.

I had to wait for a return tram.




And you're my new navigator?

...yes, Ma'am.

Do you think you can find your way to your station, Ensign?

Yes, Ma'am.

Then set course for Vulcan, Mr. Picard. We'll break orbit when you're ready.



*"Well, it's been awhile since I had the con.
But not to worry, Number One, you're in good hands..."*
-Captain Jean-Luc Picard
"1001001"

PROLOGUE TWO:
FIFTEEN YEARS LATER...



Captain's Log: Stardate 30126.5
Tamera Kirk recording.
Our trip to Omicron Theta has
turned into a "mystery cruise".
This world was supposed to be
home to a thriving agricultural
colony. Instead, we've found a
planet totally drained of life...



Thelen?

What've you got?



Don't really know, Captain.
It *looks* humanoid, but it
doesn't scan as a life form.
Seems more like a statue.

It's been down there a while.
It was covered in dust.





I'm Captain Tamera Kirk.

You're aboard the Federal Starship *Tripoli*.

Now, who are you?



Data.

My name is Data.



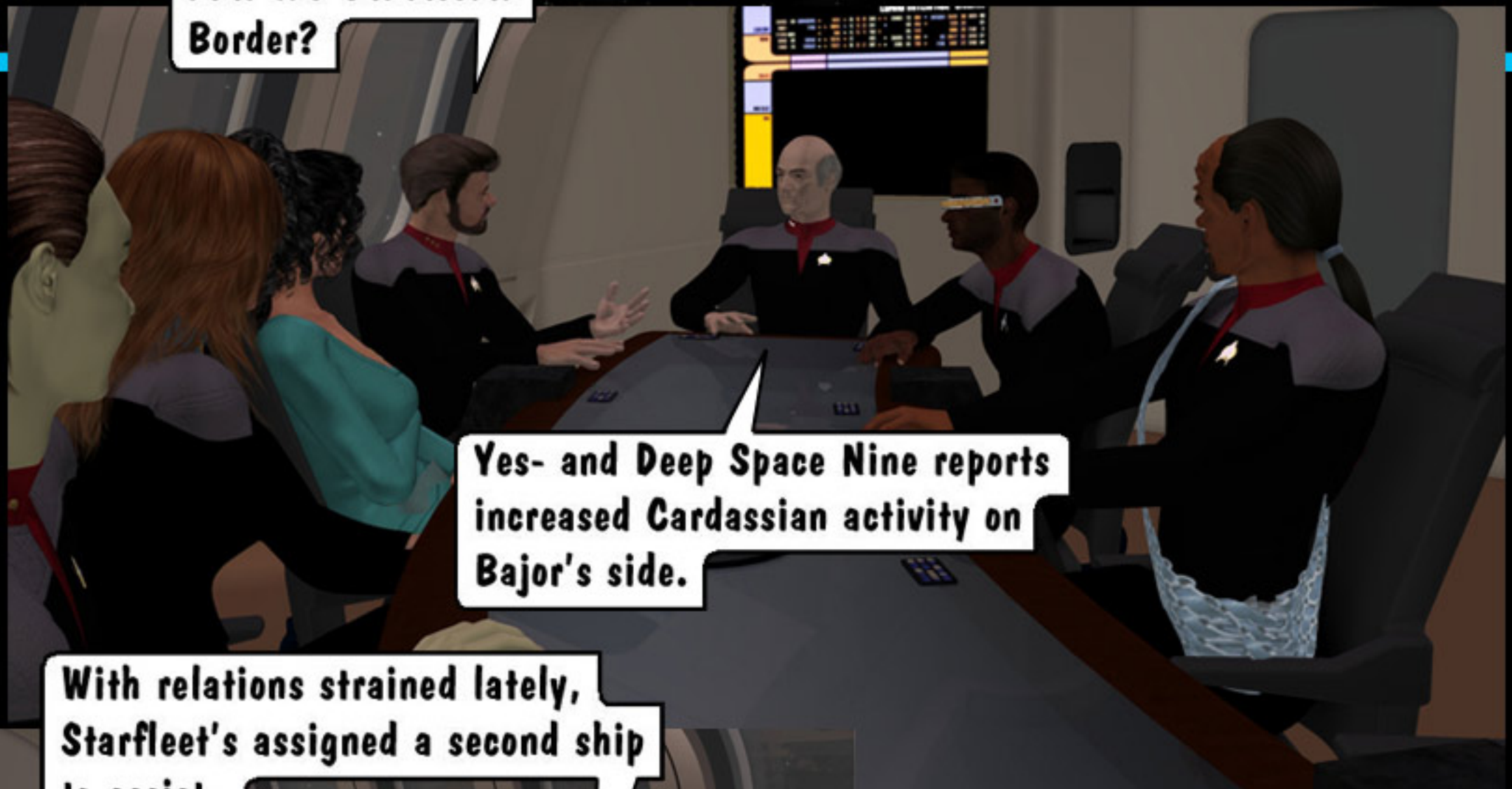
THE PRESENT

Captain's Log; Stardate 47317.2
The *Enterprise's* survey of Sector 102 has been delayed by Starfleet due to reports of a space-time distortion in Sector 103.

We've been ordered to investigate...



Isn't Sector 103 near the Cardassian Border?

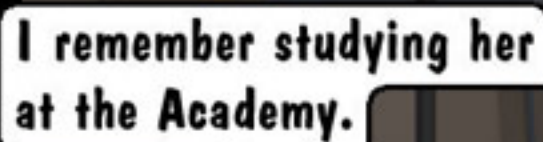


Yes- and Deep Space Nine reports increased Cardassian activity on Bajor's side.

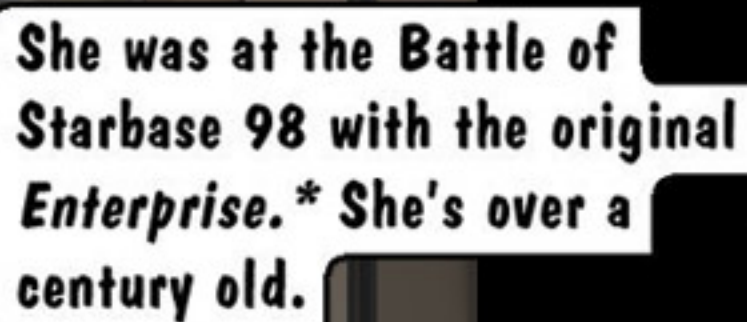
With relations strained lately, Starfleet's assigned a second ship to assist-



-The *Constitution*.



I remember studying her at the Academy.



She was at the Battle of Starbase 98 with the original *Enterprise*.* She's over a century old.

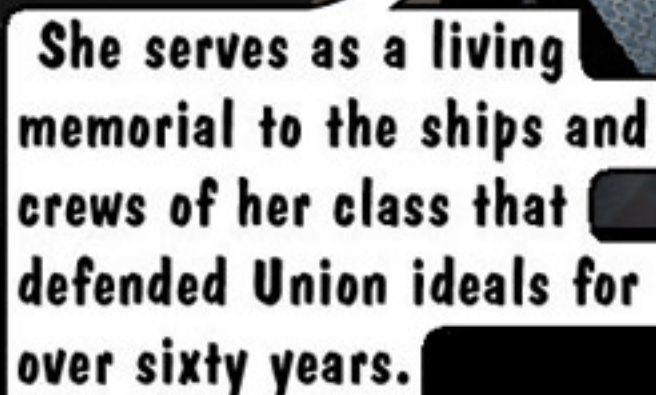


Isn't it unusual to keep a ship in service that long?

*Nova Trek 5-7



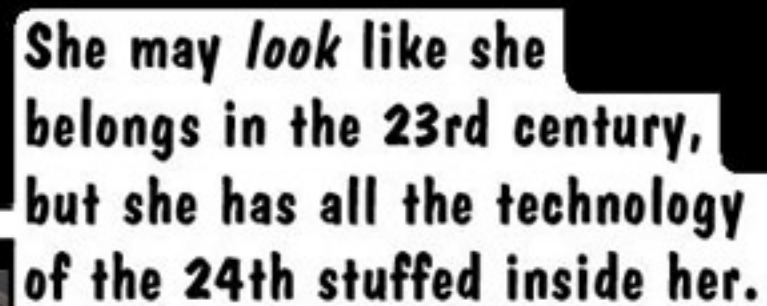
The *Constitution* is a special case.



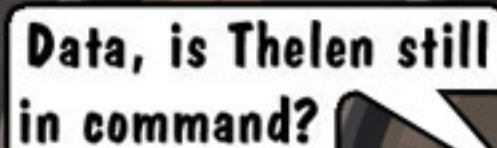
She serves as a living memorial to the ships and crews of her class that defended Union ideals for over sixty years.



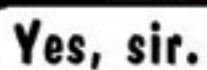
She's put through a full maintenance routine every year.



She may *look* like she belongs in the 23rd century, but she has all the technology of the 24th stuffed inside her.

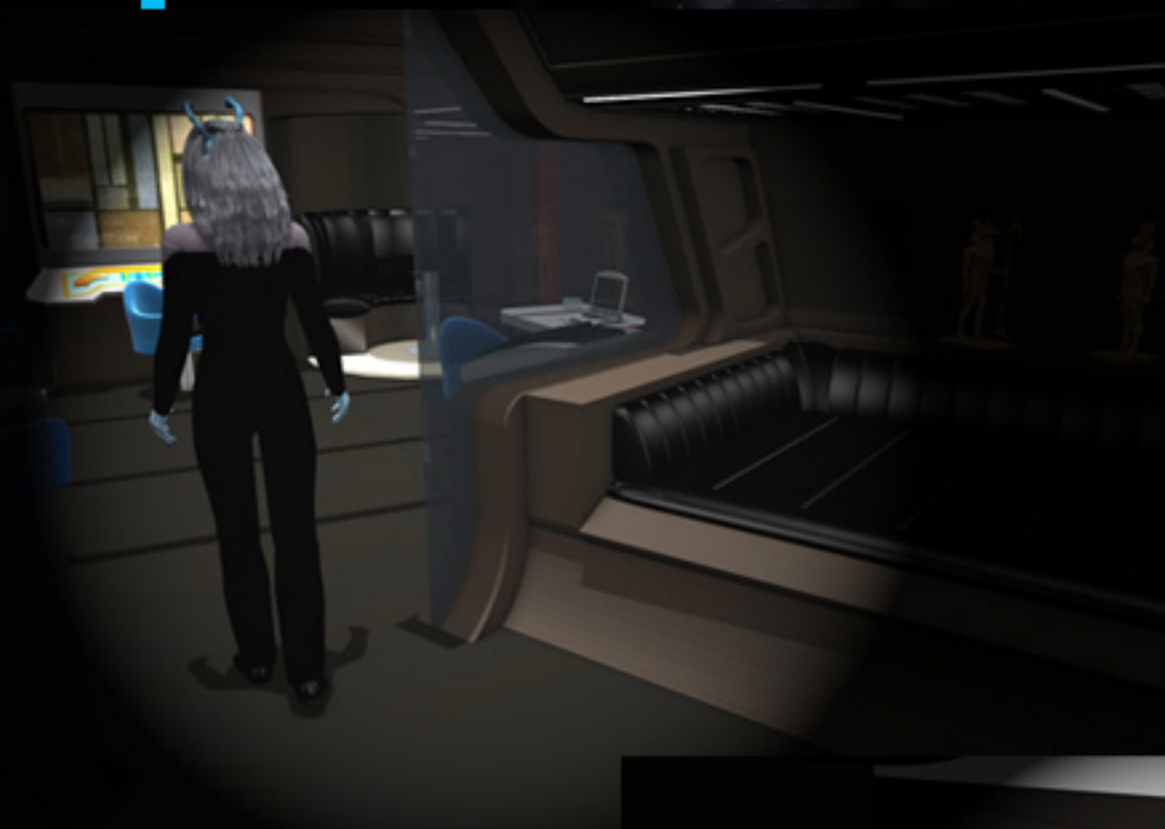


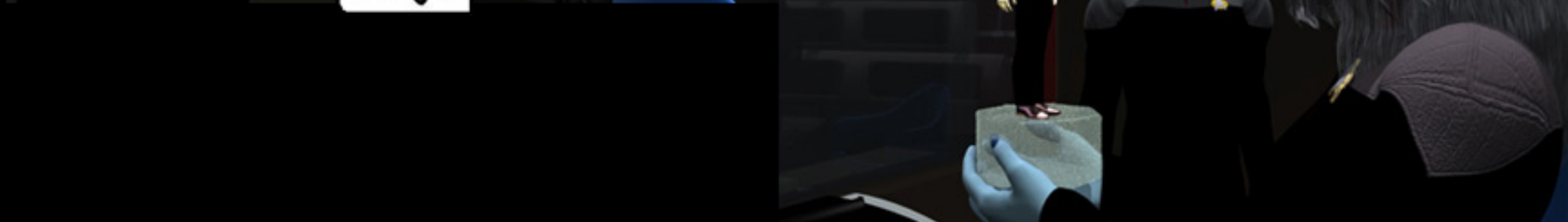
Data, is Thelen still in command?



Yes, sir.










Captain's Log; Stardate 47118.2.
Having arrived in Sector 103, we
have found the distortion to be
threatening Outpost 114, Starbase 296
and Deep Space Nine. Which one
is in actual danger will depend on
which way it expands.

I've ordered Mr. Worf to inform
all three to the danger and the
possibility of evacuation...






Data to Captain.

The *Constitution* has entered visual range.



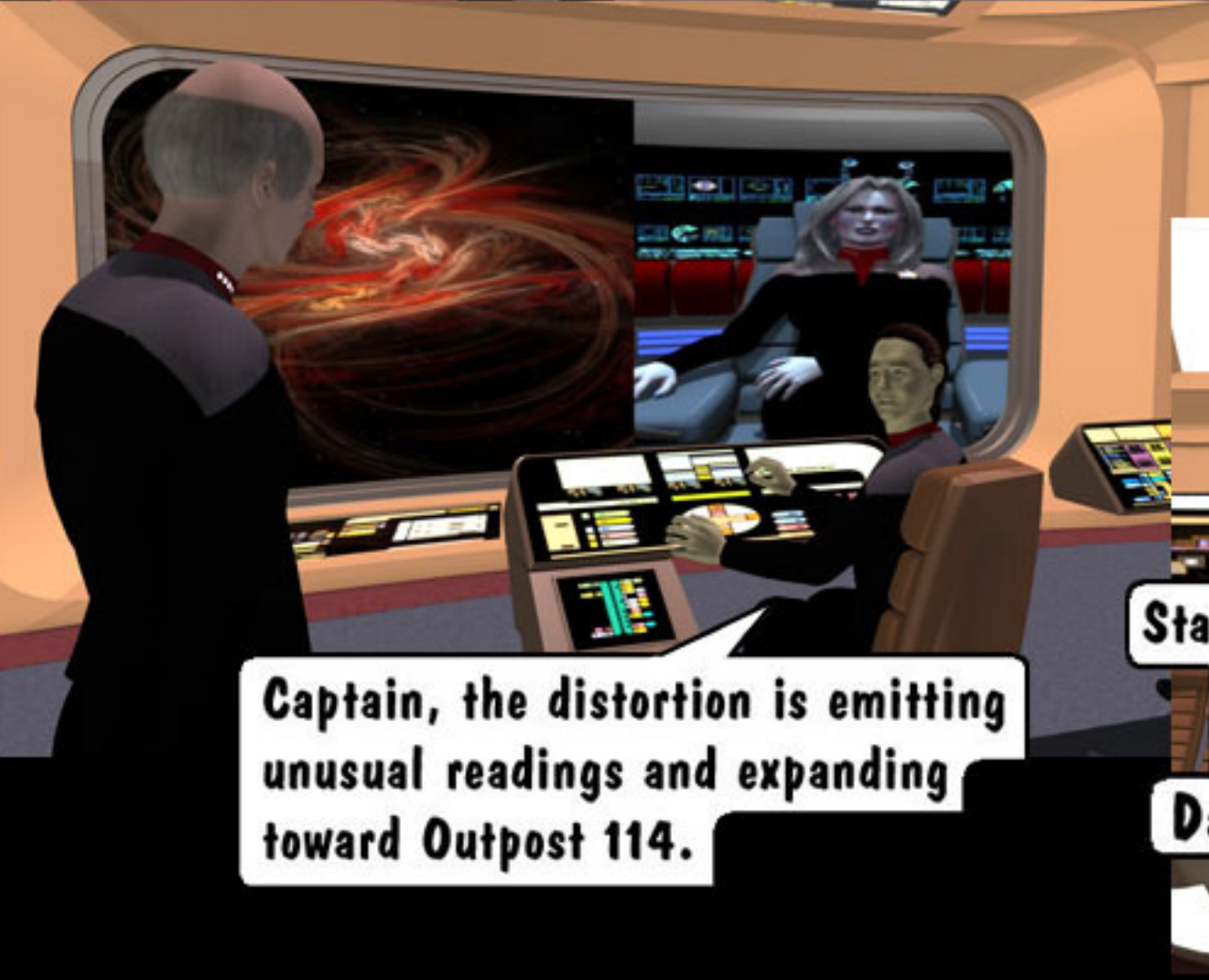
Hail them, Mr. Data.

I'm on my way.




Not a pretty sight, is it, Jean-Luc?

No indeed. I'd like to co-ordinate our science- teams-



Captain, the distortion is emitting unusual readings and expanding toward Outpost 114.



Stay with us, Thelen.

Data, full screen.





We might be able to pull them out with the tractor beam.



Make it so.

Thelen?



J..Jean-Luc?



Lock your tractor beam on the outpost.



Engines full reverse.


It's no good.

We're being dragged in with it.






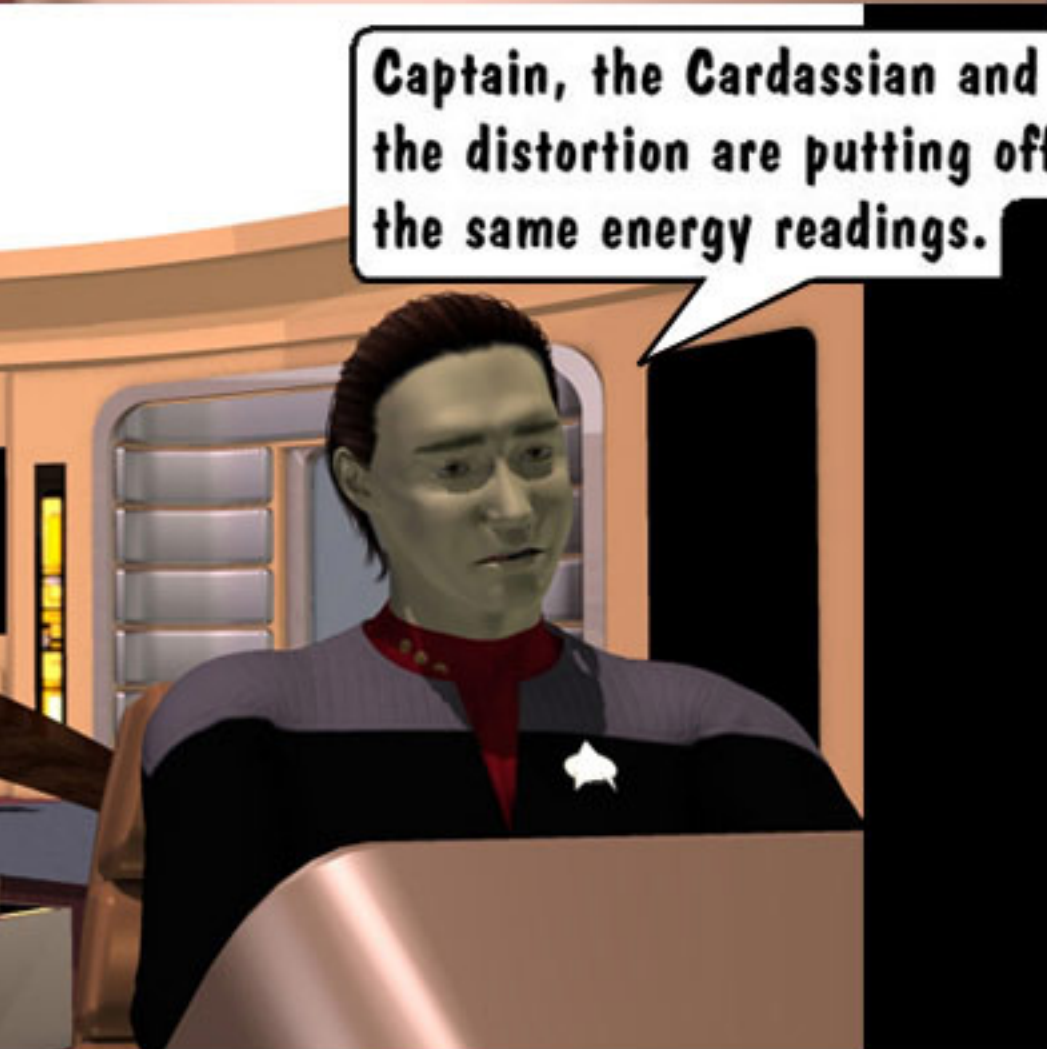
Data- ?




215, sir.




Captain, a Cardassian ship has entered our long-range scan. It will be in phaser range in one hour, thirty minutes.




Captain, the Cardassian and the distortion are putting off the same energy readings.



Could the distortion be affecting him?



Data, could the Cardassian be causing the distortion?



Turn it around, Will.





On my way.
Thelen out.



Sigh



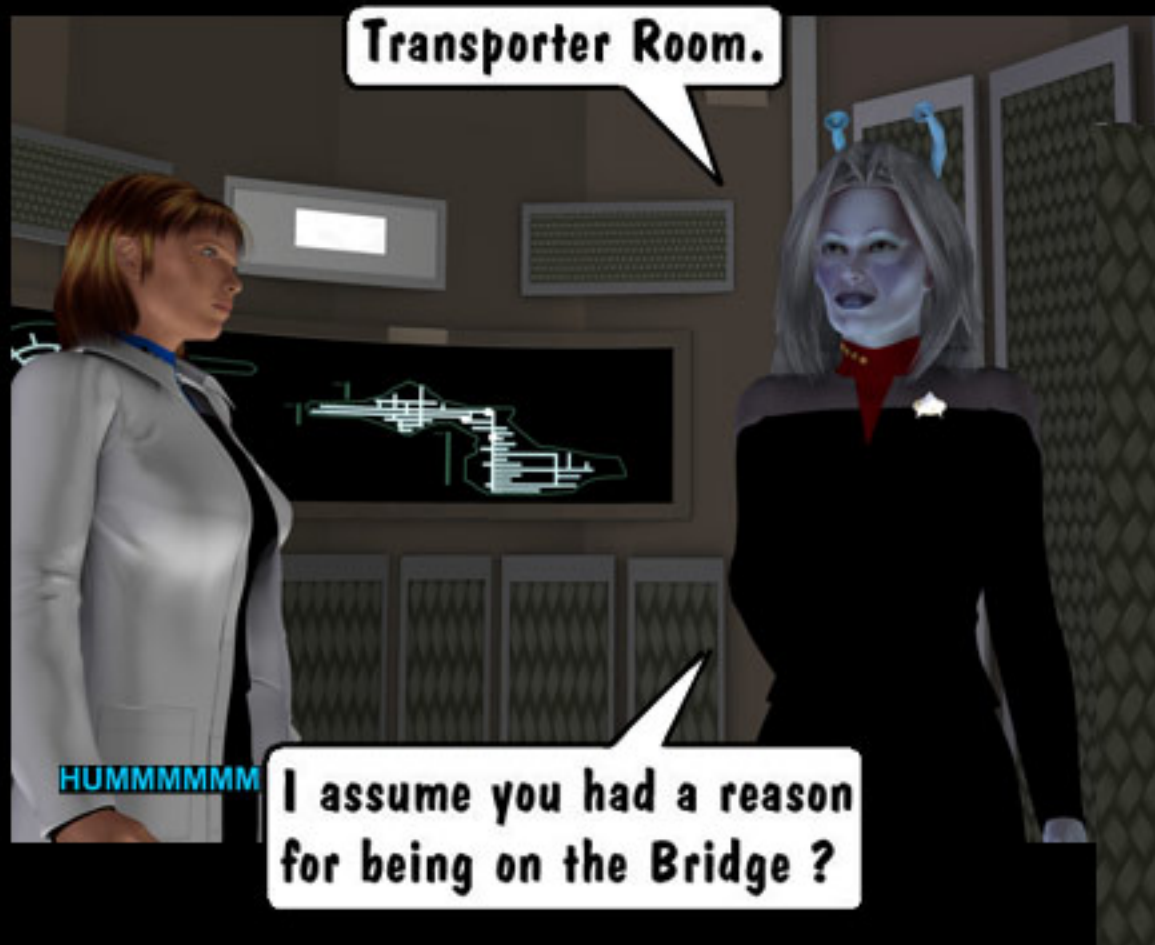
Mr. Roberts,
you have the con.

Try to keep the saucer attached
to the rest of the ship.



HUMMMMMM

Erin.



Transporter Room.

HUMMMMMM

I assume you had a reason
for being on the Bridge ?



Since you keep refusing to
report for your physical,
where else am I going to
lay eyes on you?

HUMMMMMM

And yes, I do have another reason.

As Chief Medical Officer and Ship's Counselor, it's my opinion that you're riding Roberts too hard.

That crack about the ship wasn't exactly a morale builder.

HUMMMMMM

I've never had to deal with an inexperienced first officer before.

The good ones have to get experience somewhere.

HUMMMMMM

He's been to see me three times as Counselor. He thinks you don't trust him-

-and based on what I saw upstairs, I agree.

HUMMMMMM

Halt.

HUMMMMMM



Say you're right.

I don't have time to work with him right now.

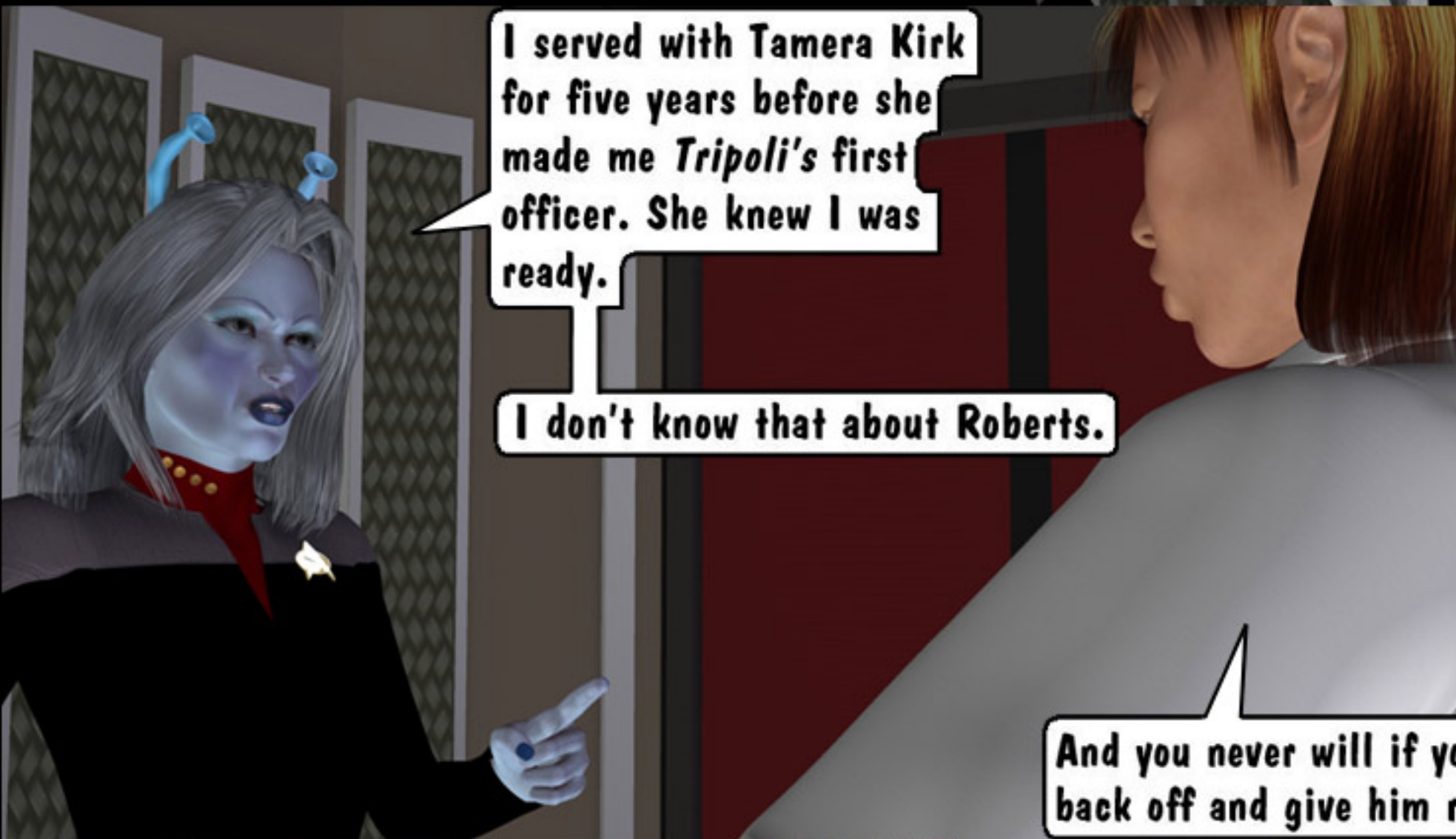
HUMMMMMMM



Then you're going to have to trust him-

-just like Captain Kirk trusted you.

HUMMMMMMM



I served with Tamera Kirk for five years before she made me *Tripoli's* first officer. She knew I was ready.

I don't know that about Roberts.

And you never will if you don't back off and give him room.

HUMMMMMMM



HUMMMMMMM



HUMMMMMMM



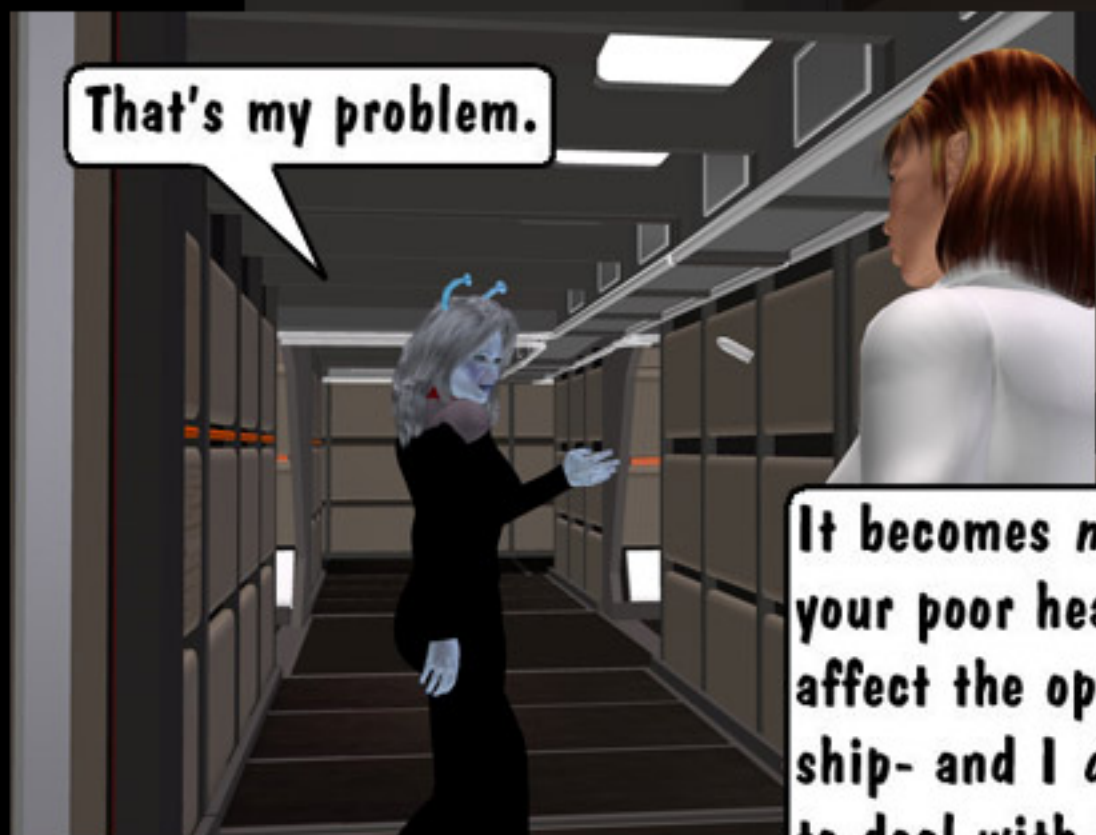
Do I have to pull
medical rank to
perform a physical
on you?

It's no secret something's
bothering you. Gamma
shift has seen you wandering
the corridors three times
this week.



That's my problem.

It becomes *my* problem when
your poor health starts to
affect the operation of this
ship- and I *do* have the authority
to deal with it.



You wouldn't dare.

Try me.





Do you want *Roberts* facing Gul Balad??

Thelen, your health won't wait.

If we don't deal with it *now*, whatever it is will only get worse.



We'll deal with it after I talk with Roberts.

I'll hold you to that.

Beep!

Holmes to Mendez. Talk to me, T'kel.

We received ample readings to work with, Doctor.

Good.

We're going to save our captain's life whether she wants us to or not.





Data. It's been too long.


HUMMMMMMM



It is good to see you, too, Captain.




Thelen.



I see you finally made Commander. With your letters so rare, I've had to resort to channels to keep track of you.

You would've been a commander long before now, if Starfleet wasn't so closed-minded.

That attitude is not as pervasive as it once was.



Have you forgotten how Maddox tried to block every promotion you received? He argued that Starfleet was promoting a machine.

Observation Lounge.

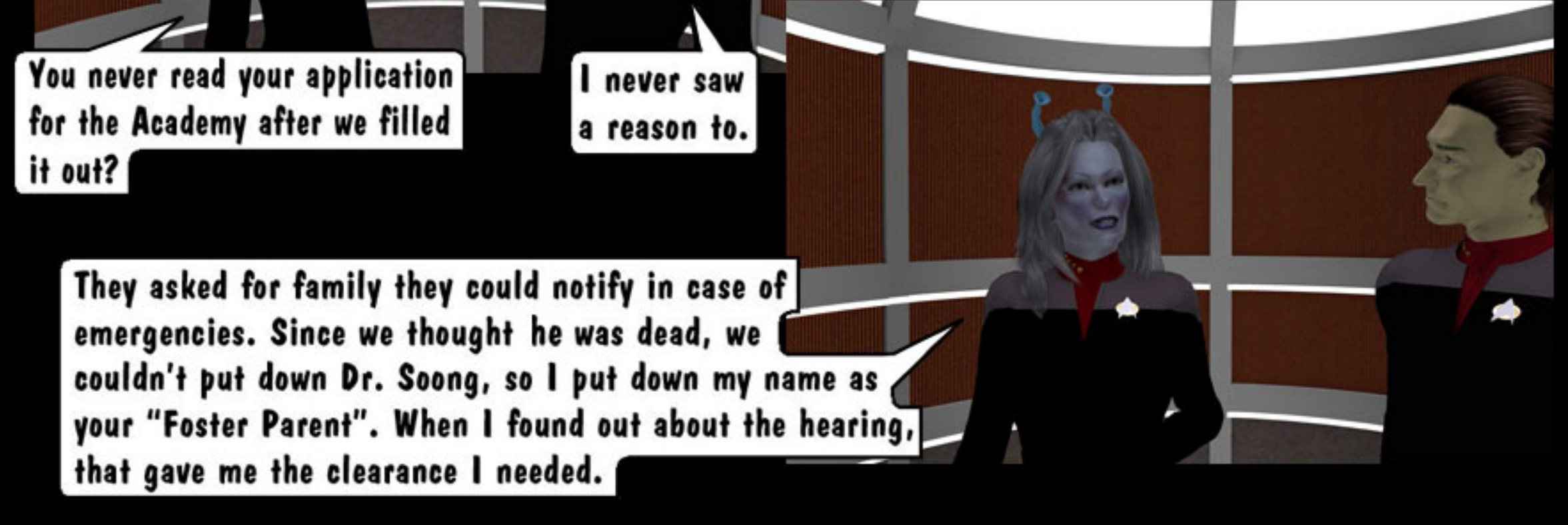
Until Captain Picard forced a hearing concerning my status, Commander Maddox challenged every step of my career. Since then, he has been much more understanding.

I managed to get a copy of the hearing's transcript. If I could have been there, I would have knocked Maddox into next week.

How did you get a copy of the transcript?

You never read your application for the Academy after we filled it out?

I never saw a reason to.



They asked for family they could notify in case of emergencies. Since we thought he was dead, we couldn't put down Dr. Soong, so I put down my name as your "Foster Parent". When I found out about the hearing, that gave me the clearance I needed.



So you lied.

Halt.

I did *not* lie.

I was the one that activated you. Captain Kirk and I were the only ones that stood by you when everyone else wrote you off as "Just another android".

I'm the one that sponsored you for the Academy. When you graduated, everyone had family there- and I made damn certain you did, too.

If I'm not your foster parent, then who is?

Resume.

There is no one else.

Thelen if I have accidentally offended you, I am sorry.



She fights like a fanatic.

By now, she's close enough to recognize the *Constitution*.

That'll put revenge at the top of her list. She has an almost Klingon mind-set about such things.

Data, what have you found out about the distortion?

It is artificial, sir. Gul Balad's ship is transmitting an energy beam into it.

It is that beam we detected as an energy reading.

However, in order to maintain the distortion, she would require a full squadron.

Therefore it is probable that there are two more ships just beyond sensor range.

Captain? Are you all right?





Data, would you and the Counselor please escort the Captain to Sickbay?



Sir?



I've known Thelen for over twenty years, Will. It's not like her to black out like that.

I'm sure Beverly'll find the answer.

I just wish I knew if I wanted to hear it.

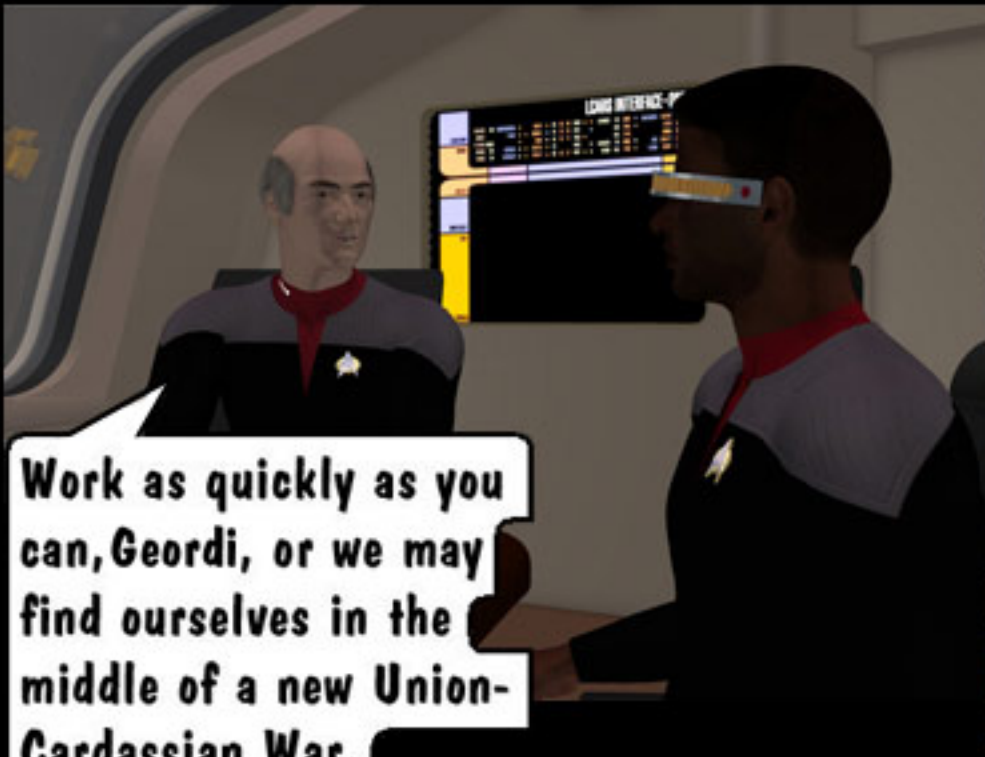


Mr. La Forge, since the distortion is artificial, is there a way of shutting it down?

If there is, I need time to find it.




We've got one hour before Gul Balad starts taking shots at us.



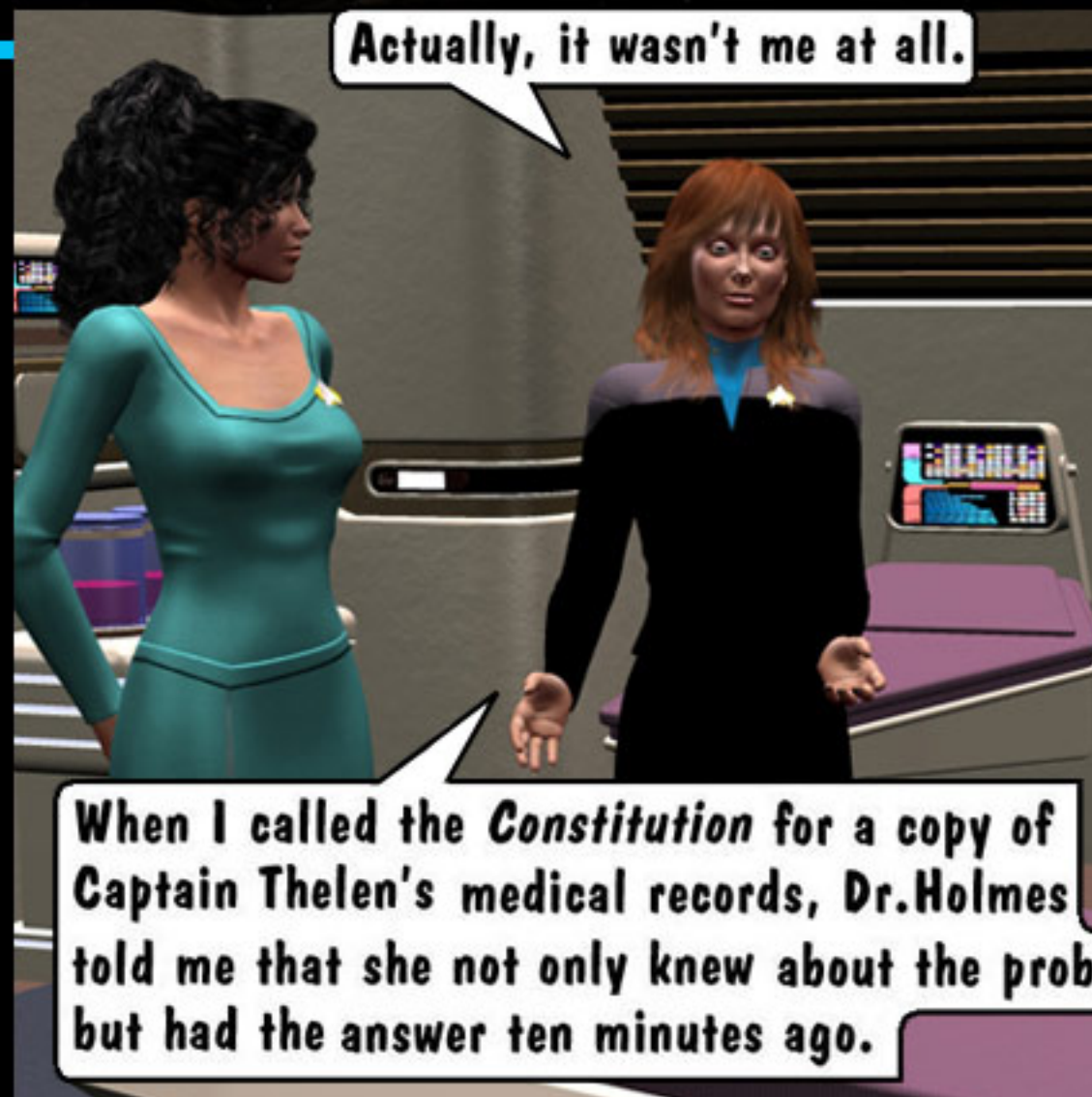
Work as quickly as you can, Geordi, or we may find ourselves in the middle of a new Union-Cardassian War.




Dismissed.



Captain's Log: Stardate 47318.5. While Commander LaForge continues to work on a method of shutting down the Cardassian distortion, Dr. Crusher has discovered the cause of a more personal problem...



Actually, it wasn't me at all.



When I called the *Constitution* for a copy of Captain Thelen's medical records, Dr. Holmes told me that she not only knew about the problem, but had the answer ten minutes ago.



So, what is the problem?



She has Falballak- the Andorian version of Diabetes.



But that was wiped out on Earth back in the last half of the Twenty-First Century.



Yes- on Earth. But the Andorian version has eluded all efforts to find a cure.




The best we've been able to come up with is a maintenance medication that she'll have to take for the rest of her life.

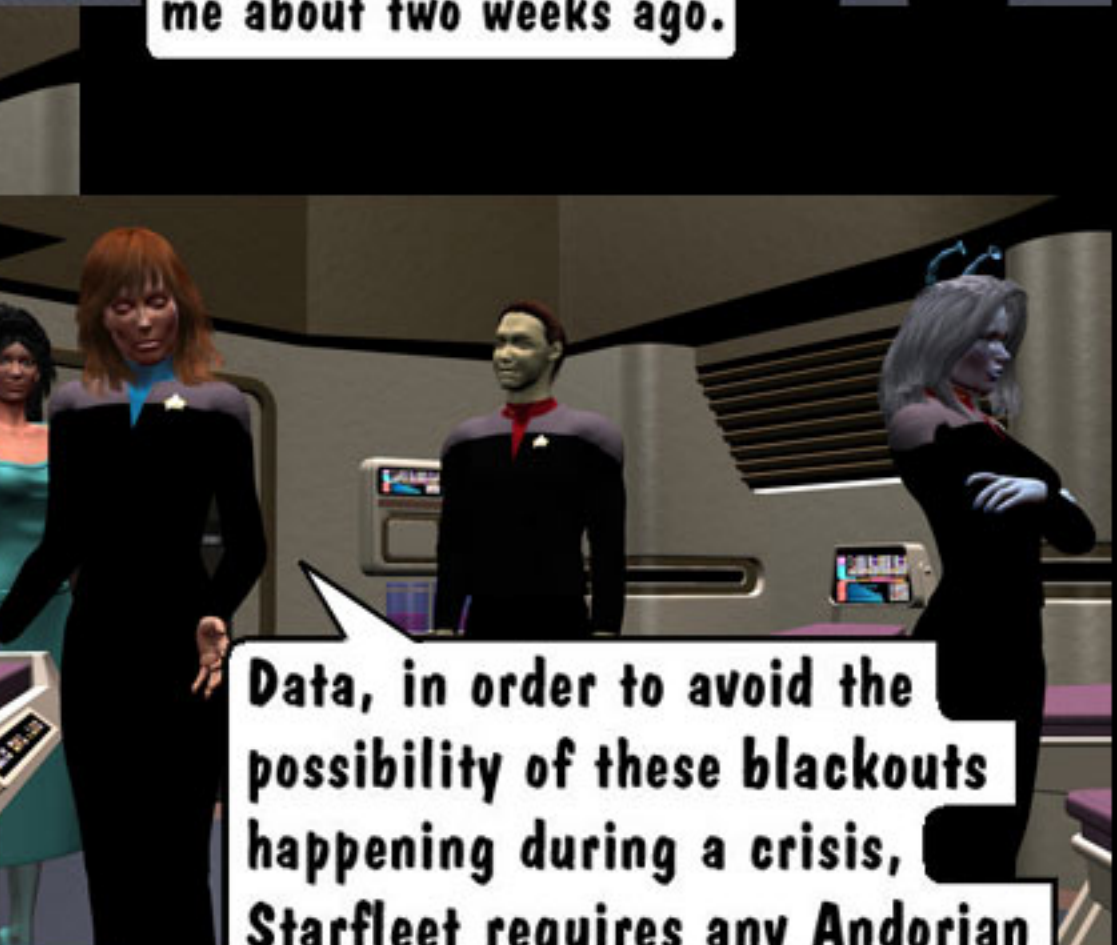





Thelen?




It...picks it's victims
once they enter middle age.




It began...creeping over
me about two weeks ago.




I do not understand.




With the proper medication,
you can still live a full life.



The regulation's an
outdated relic.



Data, in order to avoid the
possibility of these blackouts
happening during a crisis,
Starfleet requires any Andorian
with Falballak to be medically
discharged.



I am *not*
stepping down.

**You don't have that choice, Captain.
According to reg-**

**Don't quote the book
to me, Doctor!**

**You're not my Chief Medical
Officer! You don't have the
authority to relieve me!**

**Then I'll call Dr. Holmes over
here and she can do it herself.**

Doctor.

**Thelen, there's only one authority in
this sector that you have to recognize.**

**You have been captain
longer than I have.**

**Whether I like it or not, as the senior officer
present, I'm ordering you to stand down as
captain of the *Constitution*.**



And what about Gul Balad?

She's not out here alone- that's not her style.



You're going to need help from my ship before this is over-

-and my first officer is so damn green, he could pass for an Orion!

James Roberts has never been in command during a combat situation-

-and I'm *not* giving him my crew to practice with!



I'm afraid you don't have that choice.

Picard to Bridge. Mr. Worf, please report to Sickbay.

Acknowledged.

Beep!







Beep!

Picard here.



Sir, Gul Balad's
opened fire on the
Constitution-



- and, Captain, she didn't
even have her shields up.



Give her what cover
you can.

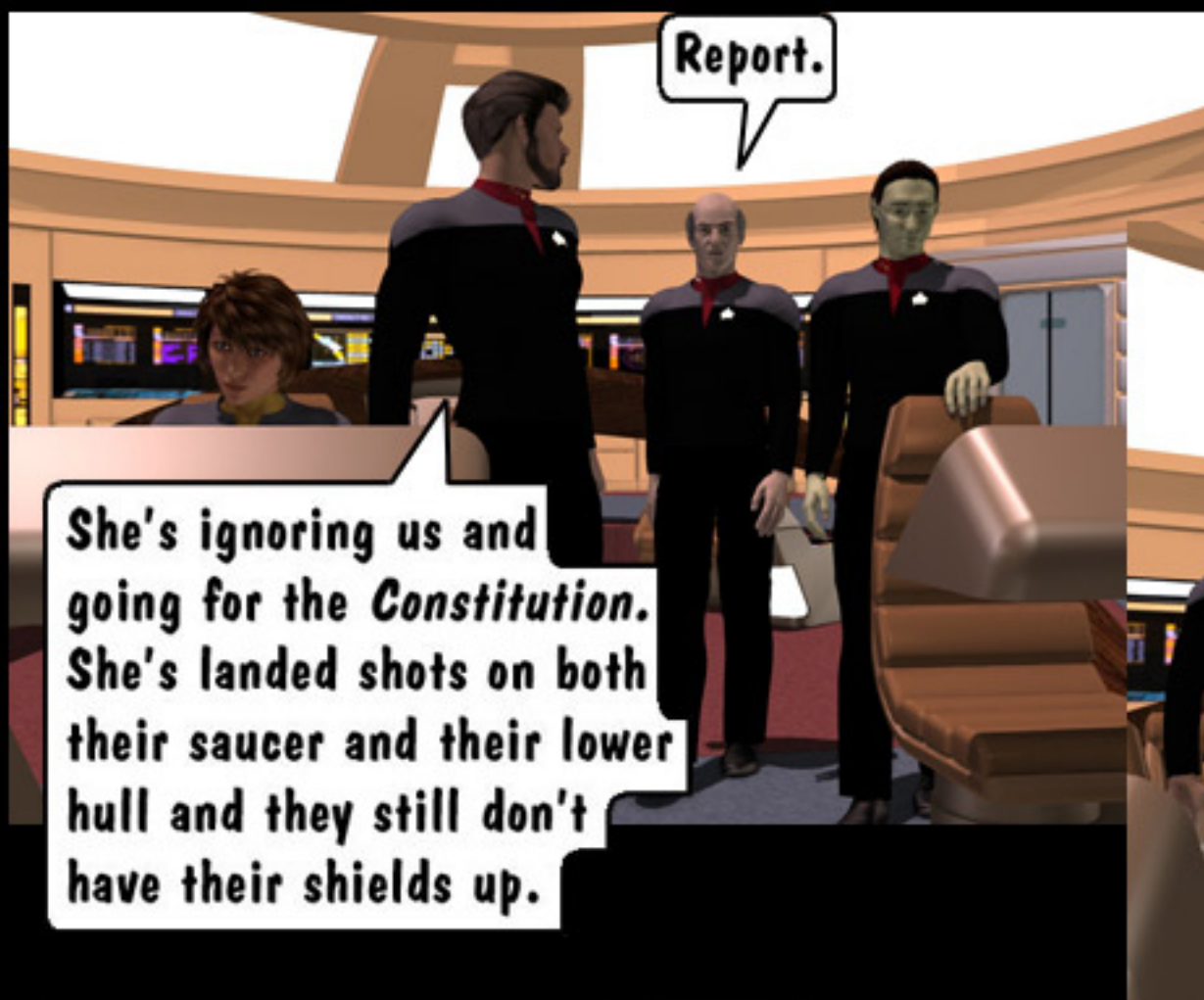
I'm on my way.

Data!



Bring her around
and lock phasers.







The Captain ordered
you to remain here.

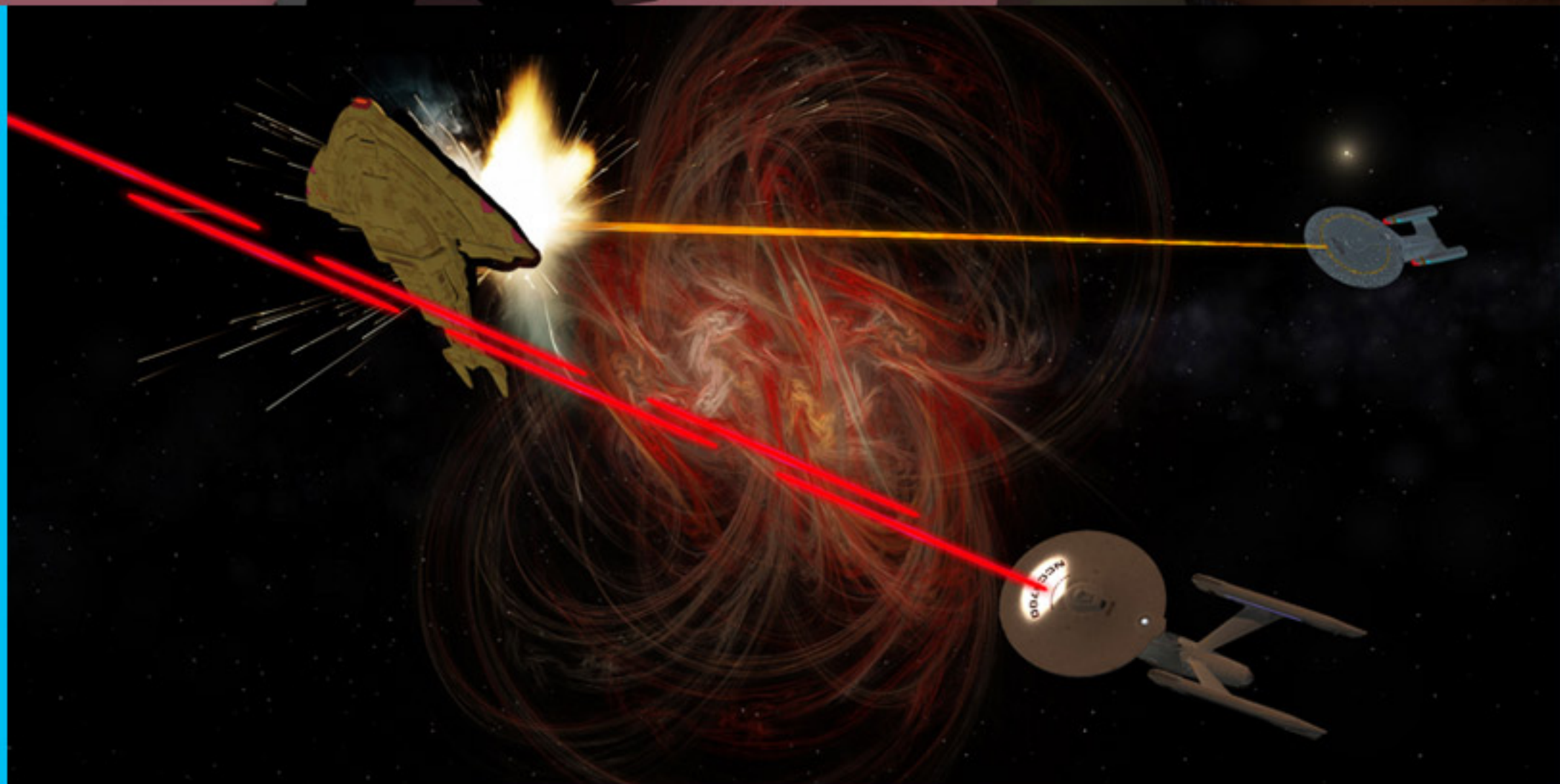


He said I was to
go nowhere without
an escort.

Now either come with
me or stand aside-



*-But make up your mind
before my crew is butchered!*





A wide shot of a futuristic starship bridge. In the background, a man in a dark uniform stands at a console. In the foreground, a woman with blonde hair and a man with grey hair are seated at a large console. Two vertical columns of green, particle-like light effects rise from the console. The bridge is filled with various control panels and screens.

HUMMMMMM



A medium shot of the bridge. On the left, a man in a dark uniform with a white sash (the Captain) stands. In the center, a woman with blonde hair and a man with grey hair are seated at the console. The background shows the bridge's control panels and screens.

Report.

**Both portside power and phasers
are off-line.**

Shield status?

**Fifty percent-
Starboard side only.**

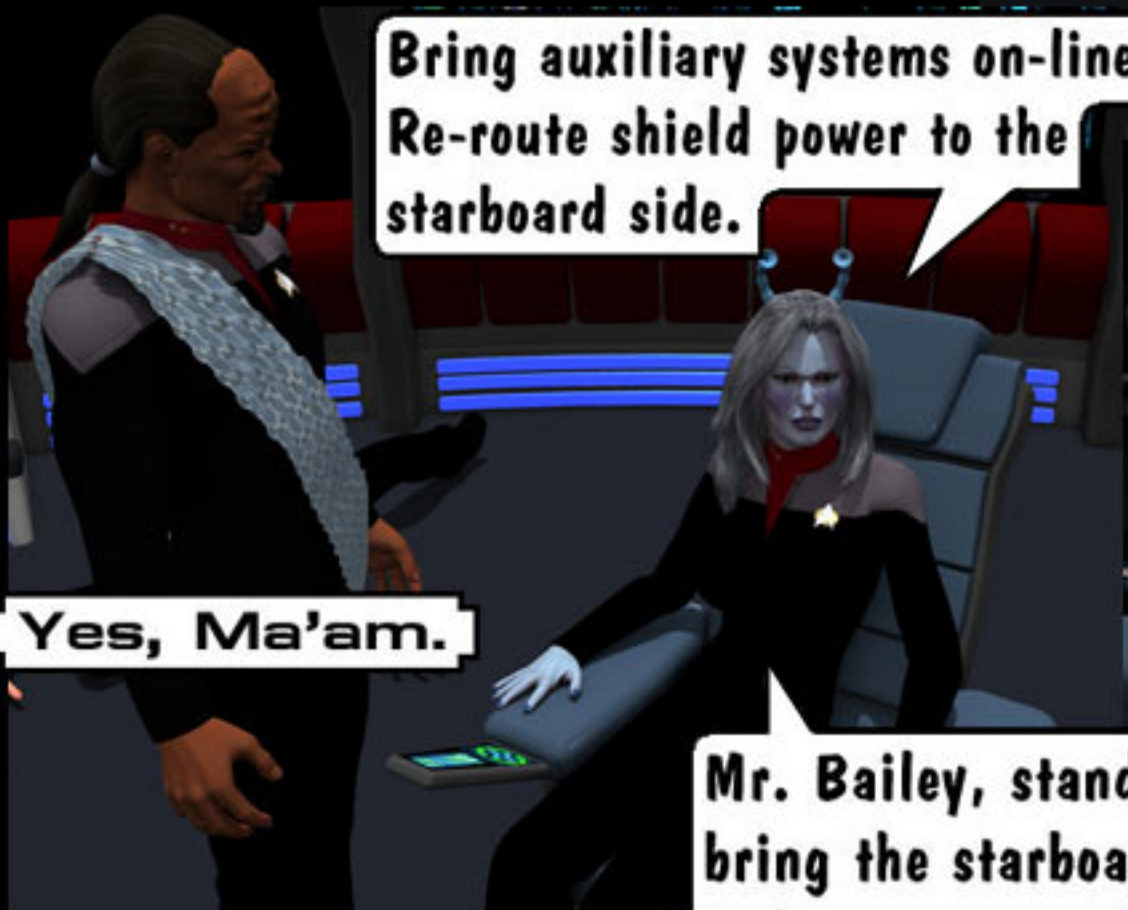
Where's Roberts?



A medium shot of the bridge. On the left, the Captain stands. In the center, the woman with blonde hair is seated at the console. The background shows the bridge's control panels and screens.

Dead.







Awaiting your
orders, Captain.

Hard to Port-
-Do as she planned.





I just came to check on
my patient, Captain-

-and she's gone. So's Worf.

Open a channel to
the *Constitution*.

Commander- !

If you're going to shout at
someone, Jean-Luc, then shout
at me.

Thelen, I don't enjoy
having my orders so
freely interpreted.

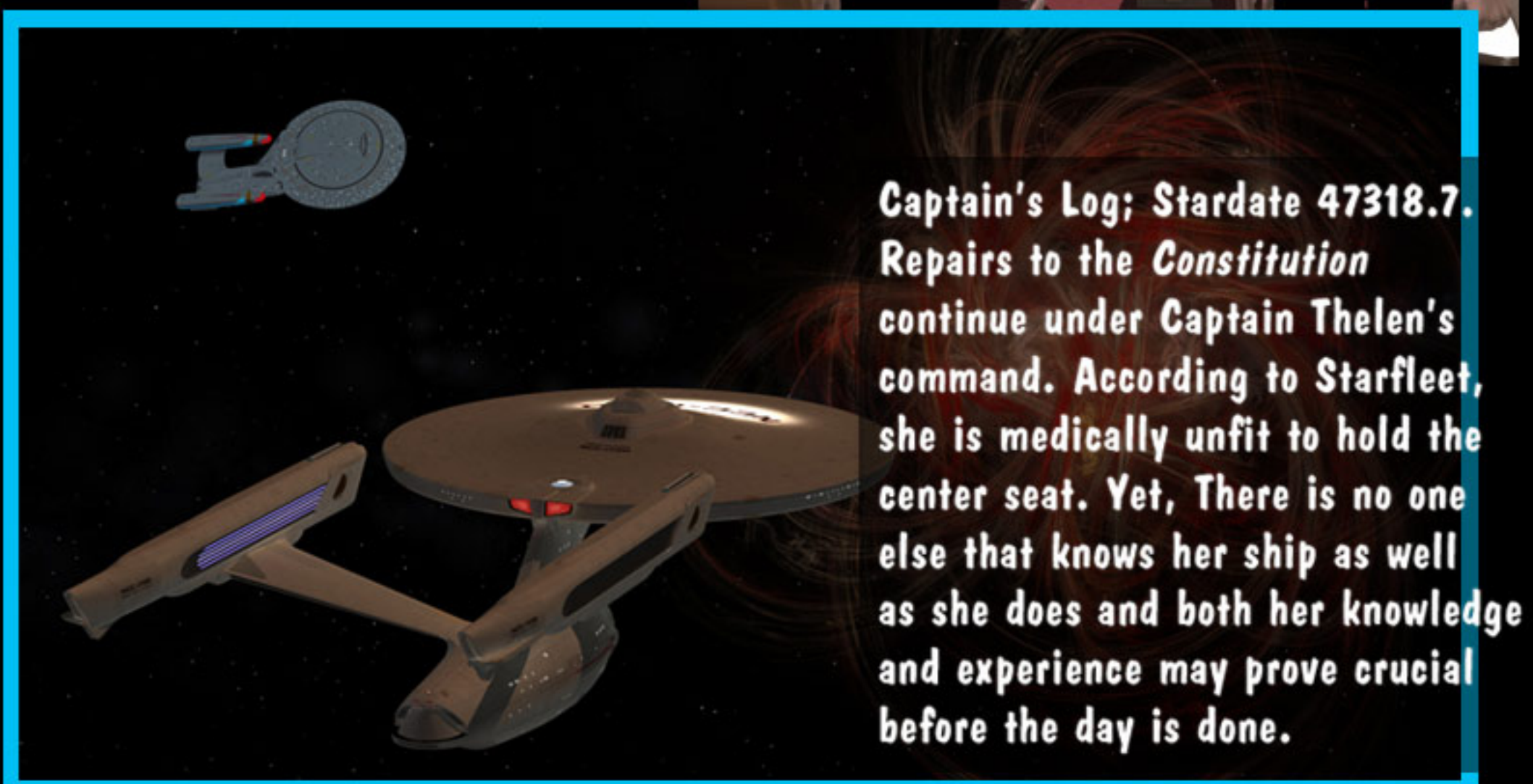
Mr. Worf was the only one
available when I needed an
escort.

Then next time,
be more specific.

I have Roberts and three
others dead- fifteen injured.

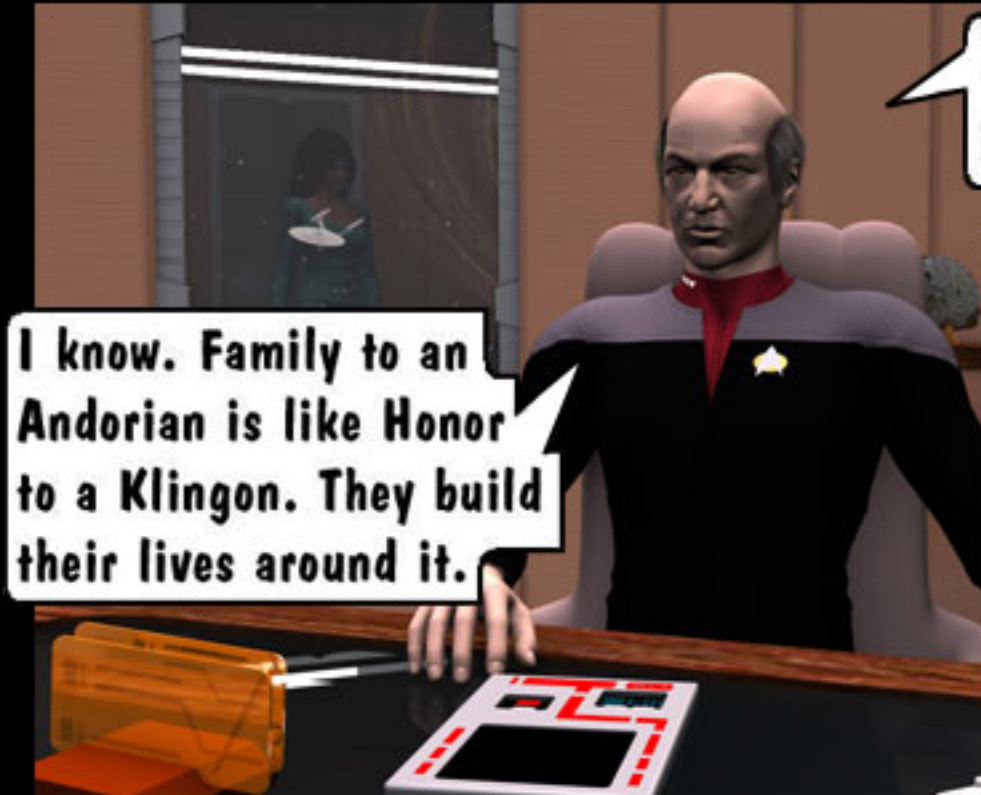
Not to mention damage to
shields, phasers and power
systems.

Now...do you want to
relieve me again?



Captain's Log; Stardate 47318.7.
Repairs to the *Constitution*
continue under Captain Thelen's
command. According to Starfleet,
she is medically unfit to hold the
center seat. Yet, There is no one
else that knows her ship as well
as she does and both her knowledge
and experience may prove crucial
before the day is done.






I know. Family to an Andorian is like Honor to a Klingon. They build their lives around it.

If it weren't for that damn reg-


Ba-leep!

Come.




Yes, gentlemen?

We can shut down the distortion. It means using a variation of the beam we tried to use against the Borg.



Only this time, we'll have to tie in every weapons system the Battle Section has.

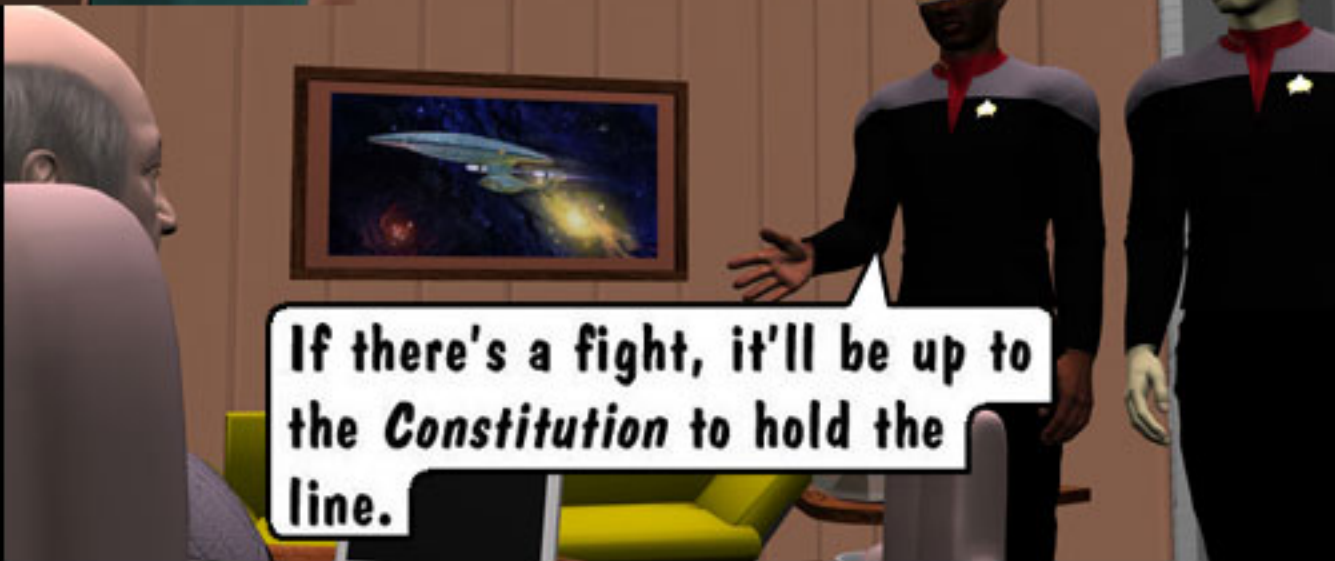
The Battle Section?



Yes, Counselor. This version of the beam will be far more dangerous.

The other drawback is that this will leave us with only our shields for protection.

All non-essential personnel will have to be evacuated.



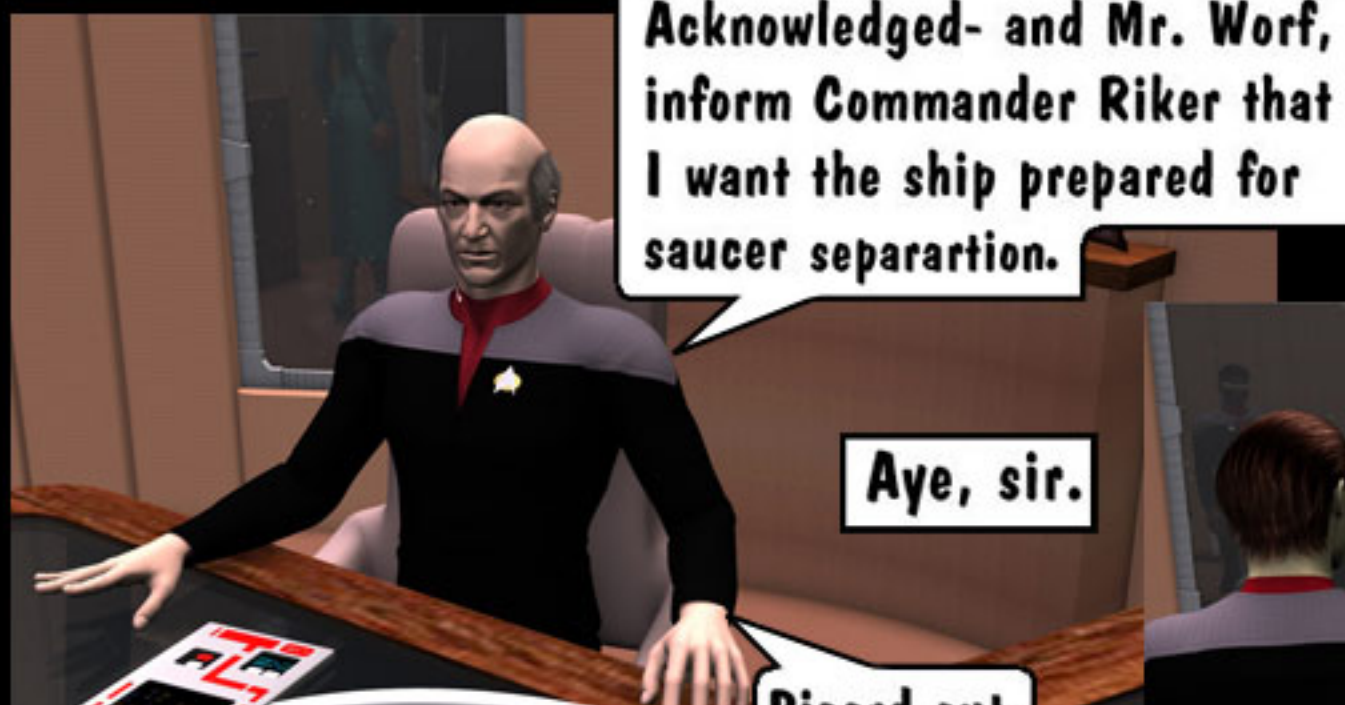
If there's a fight, it'll be up to the *Constitution* to hold the line.



Bridge to Captain.

Picard here.

Sir, long-range scans show three Cardassian warships approaching. They will be in phaser range in one hour.



Acknowledged- and Mr. Worf, inform Commander Riker that I want the ship prepared for saucer separation.

Aye, sir.

Picard out.



Get on it, Mr. LaForge.

Mr. Data, I have another job for you...

Sector 104
FSS Atlantis



I'm sorry to intrude, Captain. But Commander Gallaway wanted you to know that we're receiving an all-points message from the *Enterprise*.

Pipe it in here.

Yes, Ma'am.
On screen.

This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the FSS *Enterprise* to all ships in or near Sector 103.

The *Enterprise* and the *Constitution* have encountered a Cardassian created space distortion that is currently threatening several outposts in this sector.

As of this moment, I am invoking Starfleet Regulation 279, paragraph 4 and placing Sector 103 off-limits to all ships till further notice. All ships are to stay clear of Sector 103 until the situation is resolved. You will be notified.

Picard out.

Nice to know Deanna got home okay.

Computer?

Yes, Ma'am.

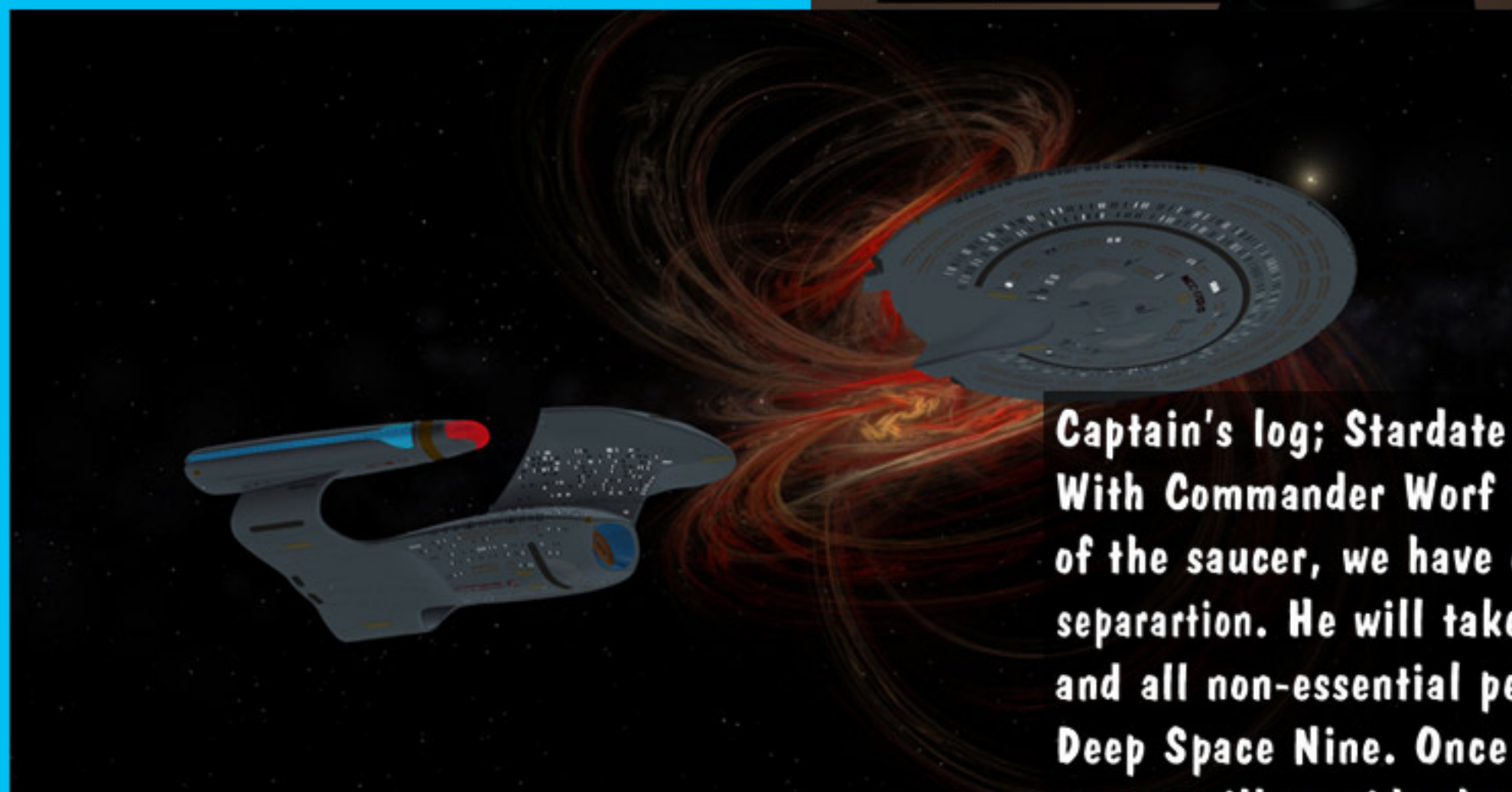
Tell Commander Gallaway to take us to the border of Sector 103.



As of now, it'll be our job to stop anyone that tries.

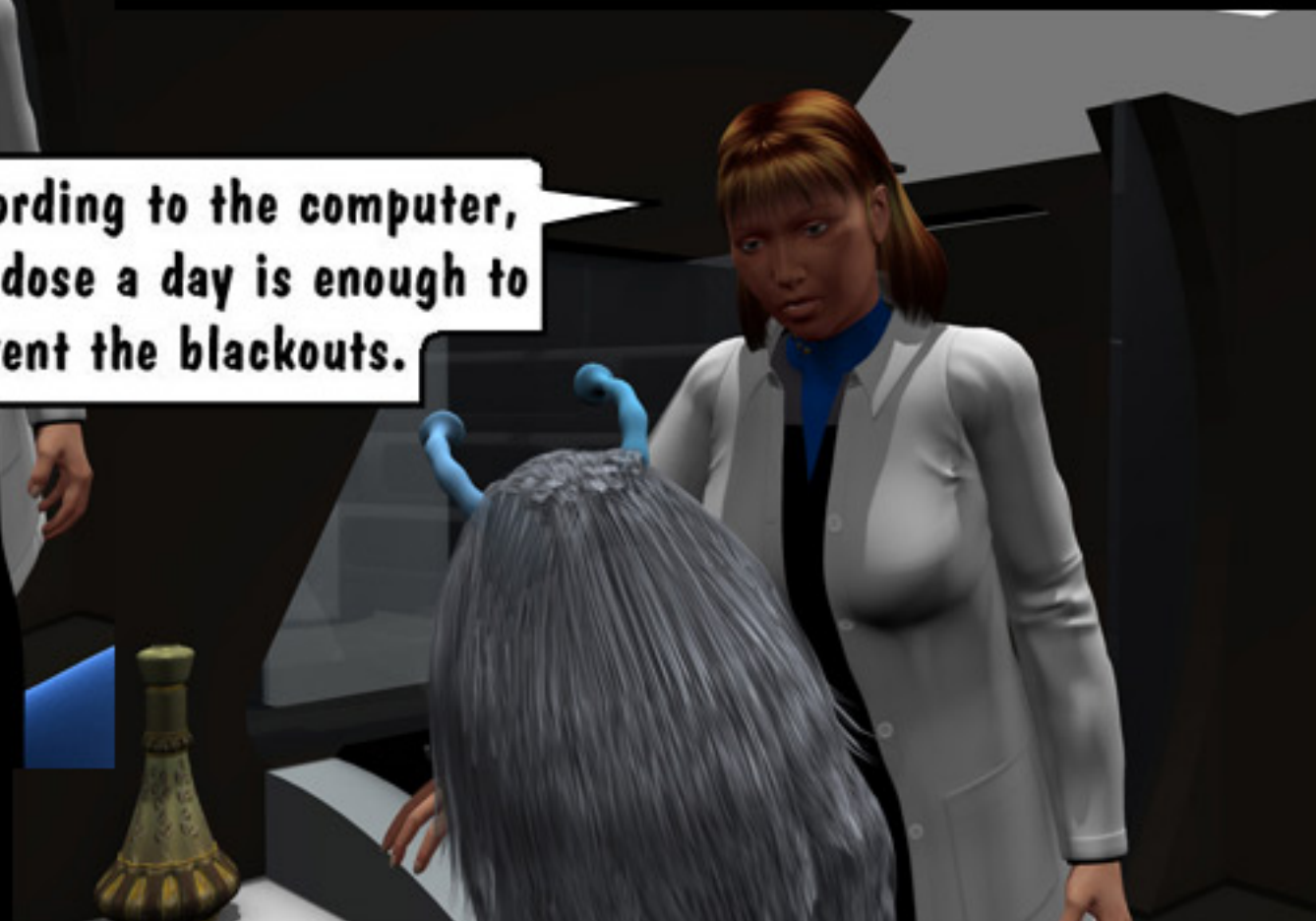
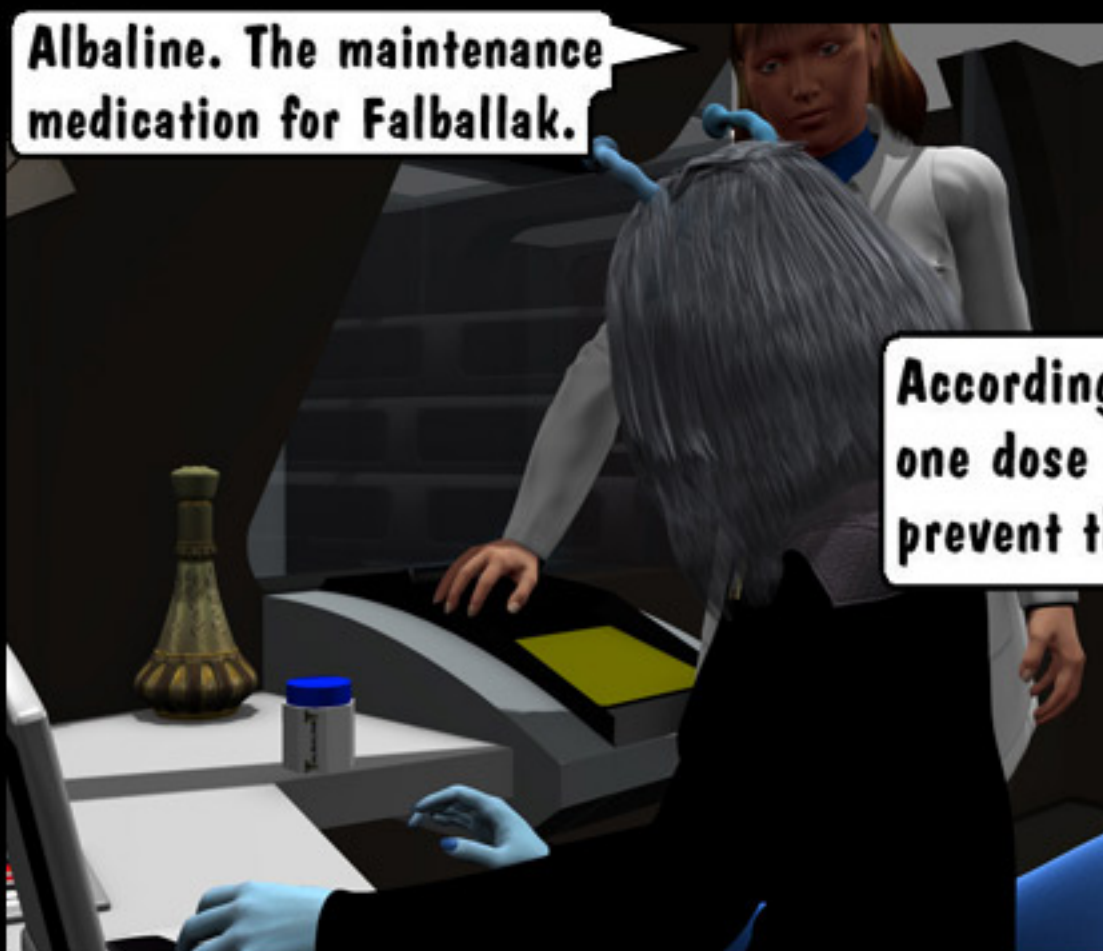


Yes, Ma'am.



Captain's log; Stardate 47318.8. With Commander Worf in command of the saucer, we have completed separation. He will take the saucer and all non-essential personel to Deep Space Nine. Once there, the saucer will provide the means of emergency evacuation should that become necessary...








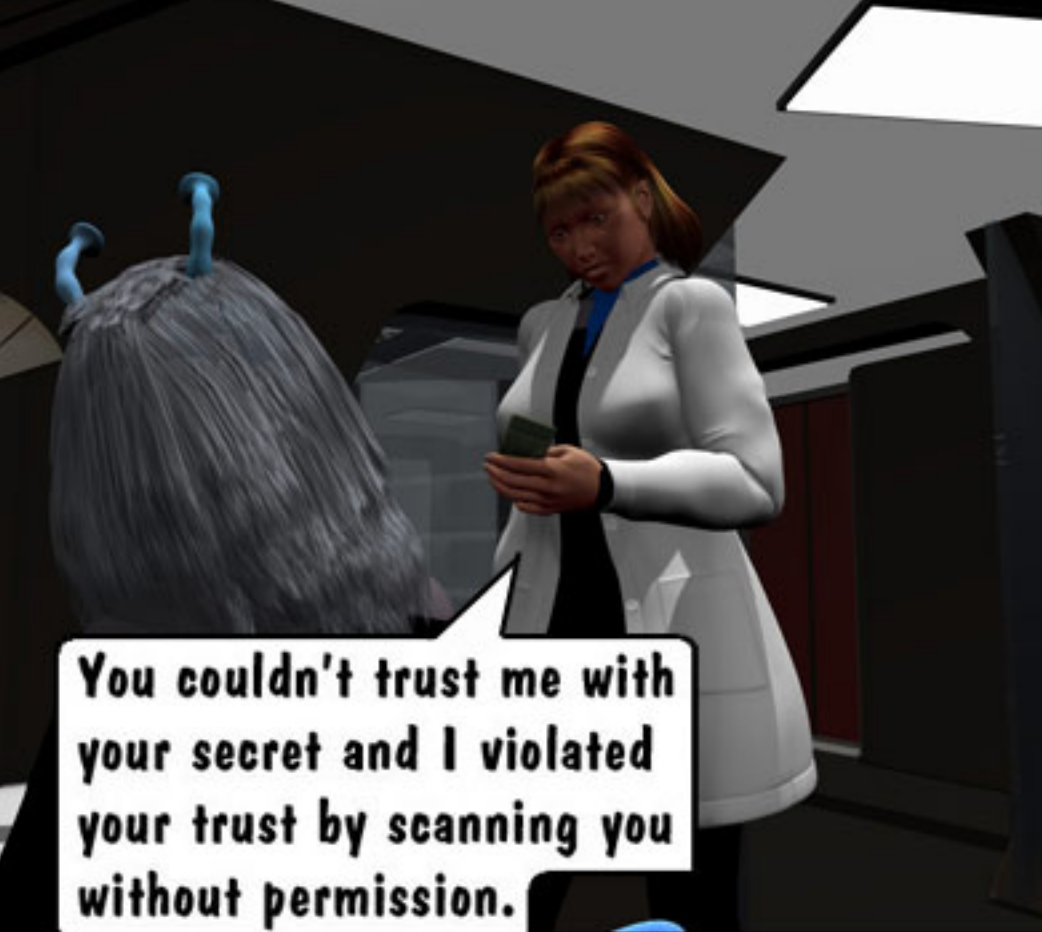
If you take it like you're supposed to and allow yourself to be monitored till we reach a starbase-

-you should have the data you need to get that regulation repealed.

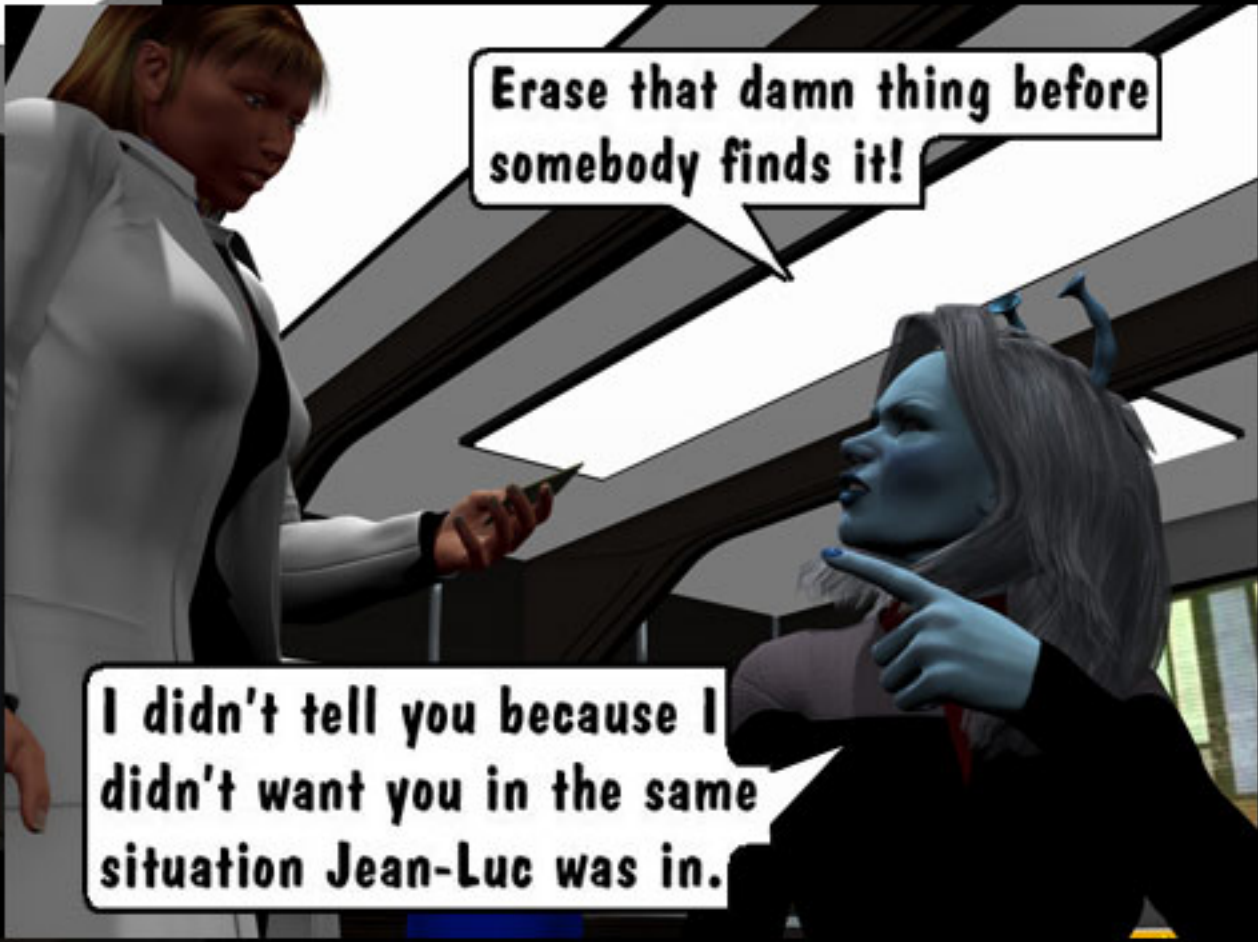


And what's that?

A transfer request.



You couldn't trust me with your secret and I violated your trust by scanning you without permission.



Erase that damn thing before somebody finds it!

I didn't tell you because I didn't want you in the same situation Jean-Luc was in.



Ba-leep!

I have more privacy on the Bridge.

Come.

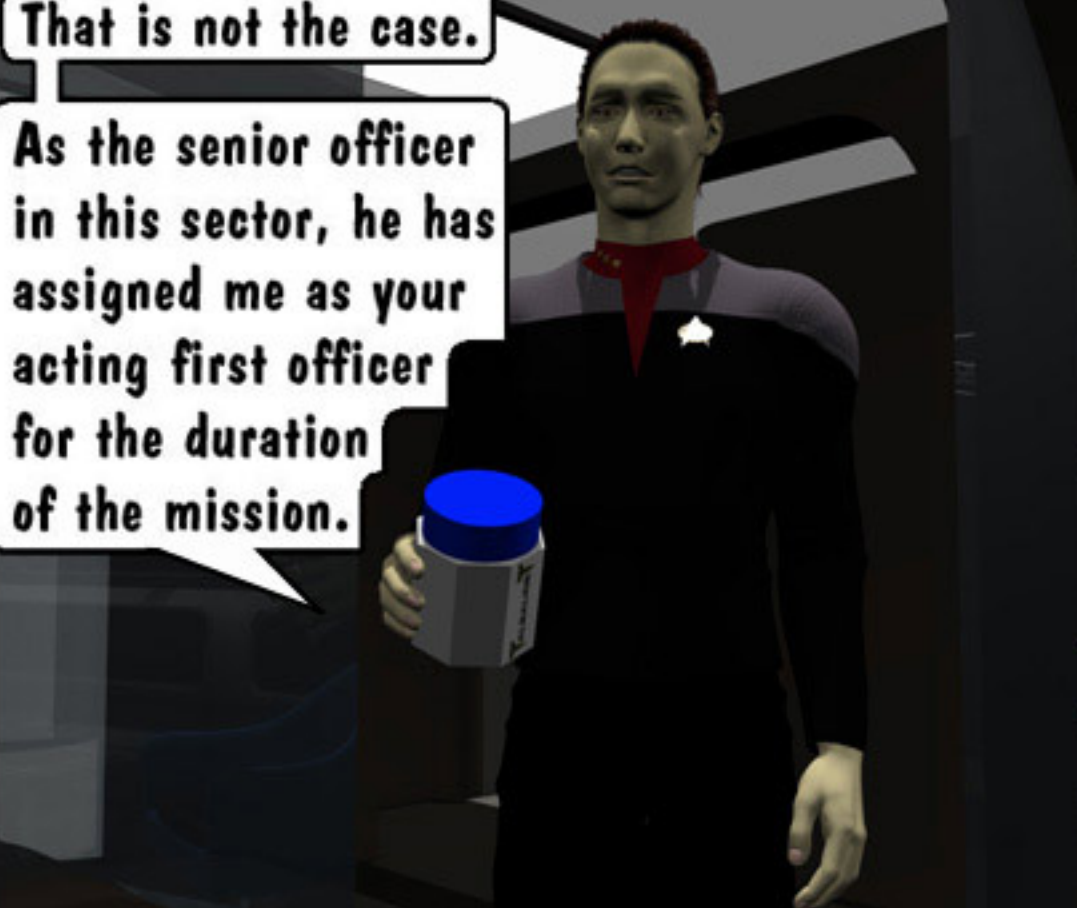


Data?

Don't tell me Jean-Luc sent you to relieve me?

That is not the case.

As the senior officer in this sector, he has assigned me as your acting first officer for the duration of the mission.



Welcome aboard, Mr. Data.

Thank you, Doctor.



Well, if someone's going to be watching over me, I'm glad it'll be you.



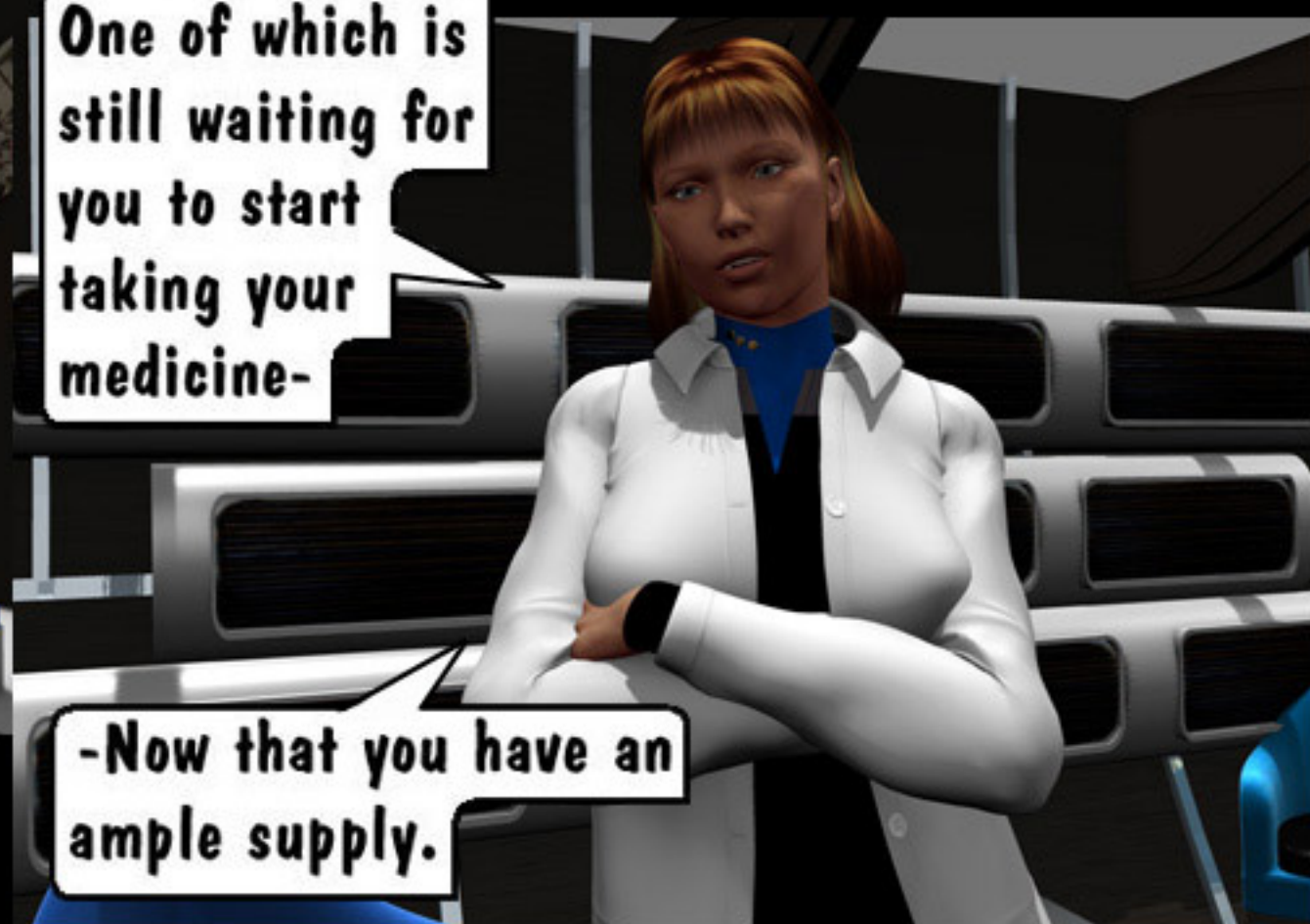
That may not be necessary. Dr. Crusher has sent-

One of which is still waiting for you to start taking your medicine-

I have a lot of friends, Data.



-Now that you have an ample supply.





Just remember we need scans of you with the medication in your system if you're going to challenge that regulation.

So you'd better get to Sickbay first chance you get.





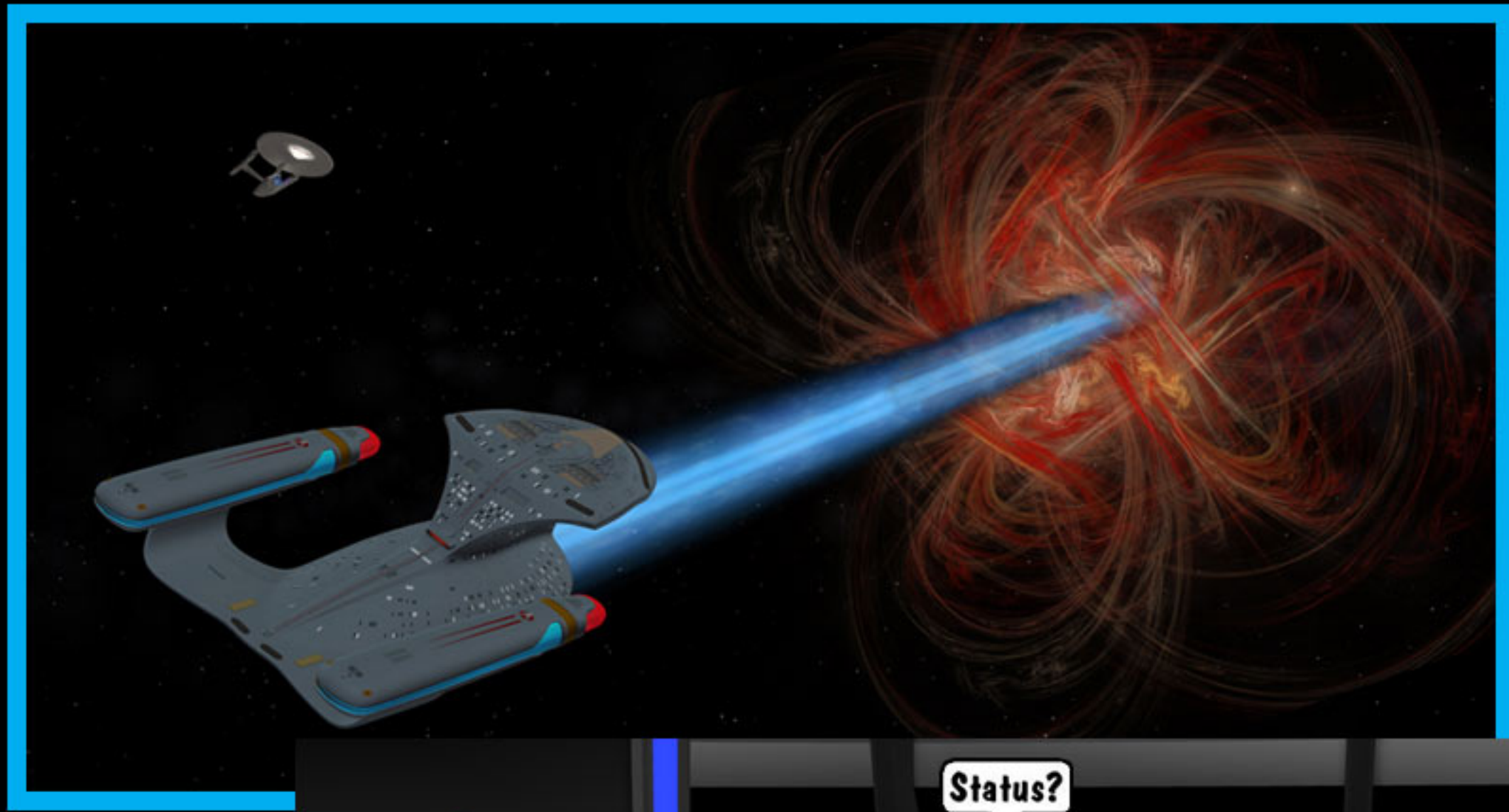
Beam's at your discretion, Captain.



Number One inform Captain Thelen that we are begining operations.



Mr.LaForge, raise the shields and bring the beam on-line.



Port phasers are still off-line.

However, power has been restored to the portside shields, which are now at eighty percent.

Status?

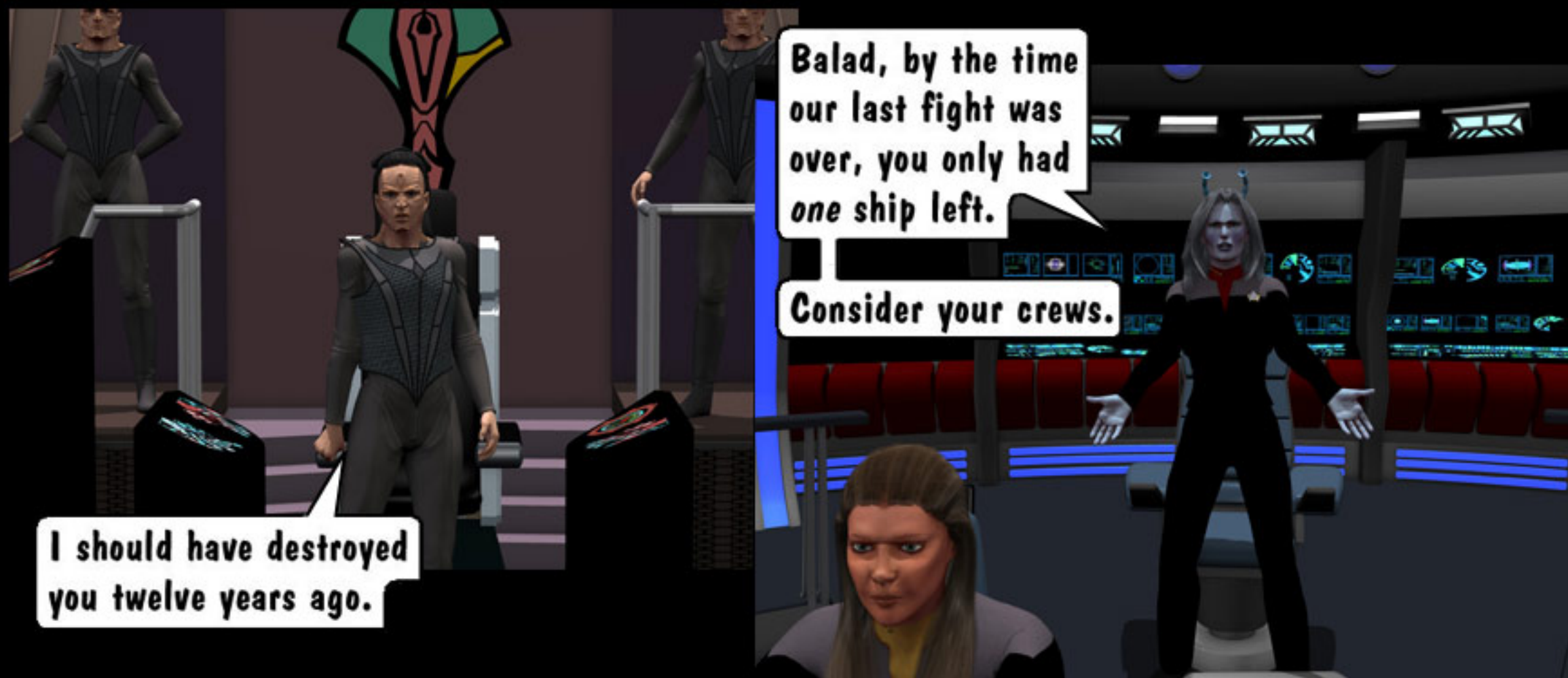
Captain, Gul Balad's squadron has just entered short-range scan.

Hail her.

Calling to surrender, Thelen?

Not hardly.

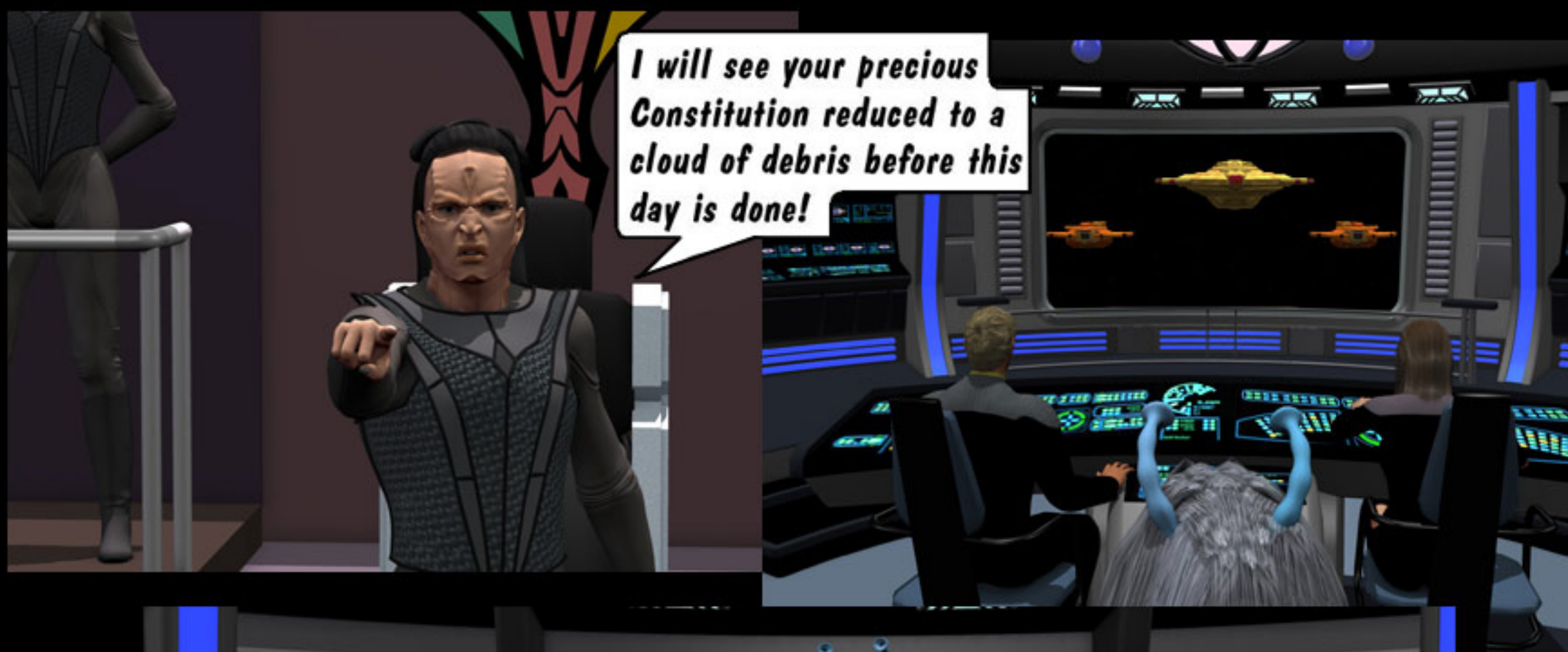
I wanted to give you a chance to keep your squadron alive this time.



Balad, by the time
our last fight was
over, you only had
one ship left.

Consider your crews.

I should have destroyed
you twelve years ago.



*I will see your precious
Constitution reduced to a
cloud of debris before this
day is done!*




That'll be the day.

Data, sound Red Alert.


Helm, plot an intercept
course. Bring all weapons
to bear.

It seems Gul Balad needs
to learn her lesson all over
again.



Captain, I suggest we bring the port shields on-line.

Negative.



I want Balad to think we're as helpless as when she left.


Let me know as soon as those port phasers are back on line.

BLAM!!



Report!

Surface damage only. No systems damage or injuries.



Captain, we're between the *Enterprise* and the Cardassians.

Hold position.

Let them come to us.



She's drawing a line.

And daring Gul Balad to cross it.



Gul Balad's coming round to our port side while her wingmen continue on toward *Enterprise*.



Captain, the Port-side phasers are now on-line.

Lock and fire.





Come about.

Bring the shields to full strength.

Keep us between them and the *Enterprise*.



They're splitting up. One is going for the *Enterprise*, while the others keep us busy.

You know which one is Balad's Mr. Bailey.

Keep us in her way.



She and her wingman are dead ahead.

Blam!

Return fire!

Captain, I have detected the energy beams coming from all three Cardassian vessels.

Take the one headed for the *Enterprise*.

I have their positions plotted.

Lock torpedoes and fire.



Their environment is intact.
But they have lost
power to their
weapons and
engines.

Let's concentrate on
the others.

Good enough.

Enterprise

Captain, the distortion's
expanding.

It'll reach Deep Space Nine
in twenty minutes.

Tell them to clear out-

-Now!

Report!

RUMBLE




Gravity well.

We're being pulled toward it.




Reverse engines.



That's slowing us down, but it's not enough.

How long can we hold out?



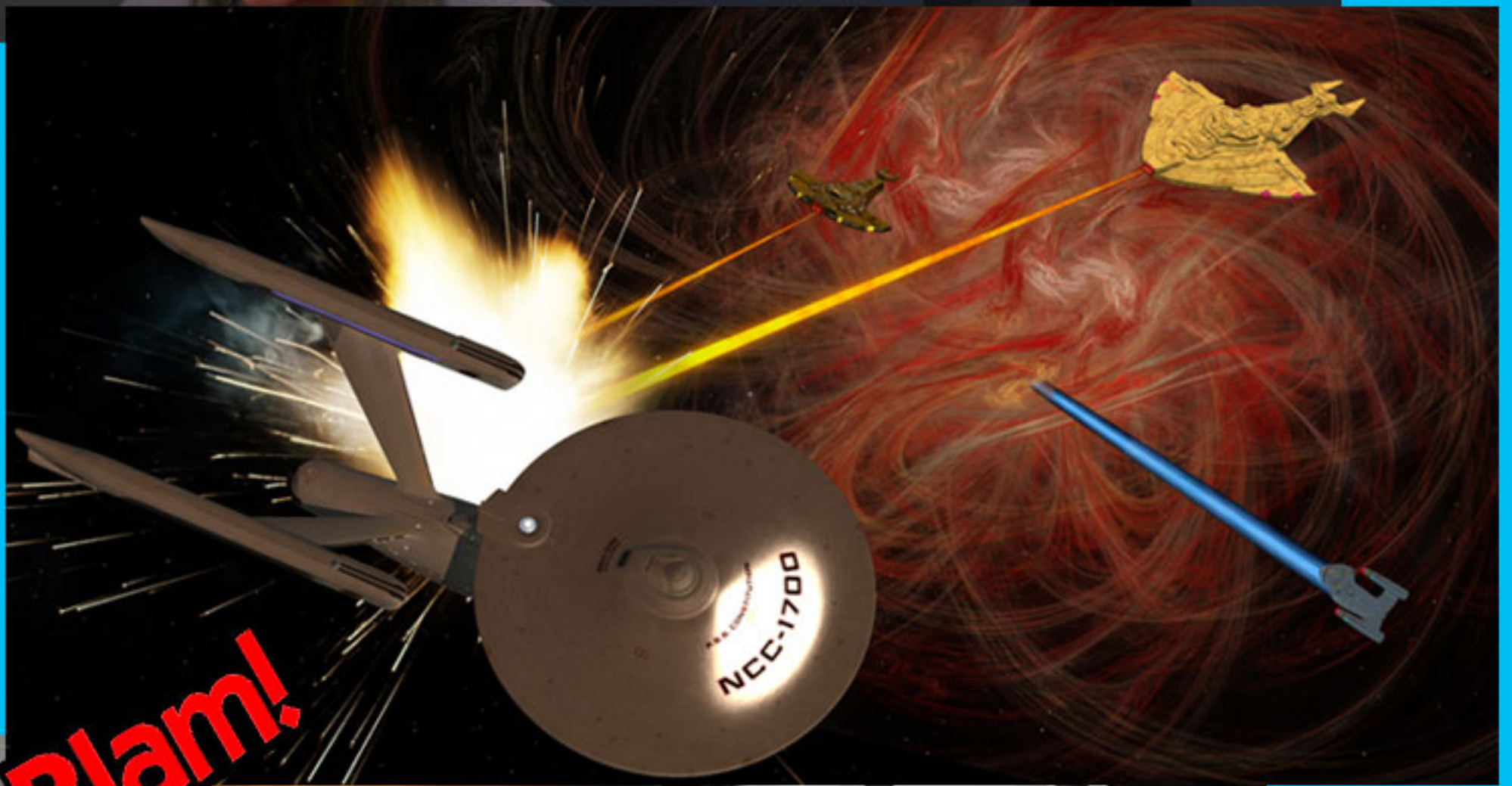
Another ten minutes at most.



They are taking aim
on the warp nacelles.

Mr. Bailey, bring us
about.

Course 127, mark—



Ka-Blam!

DATA!







There's got to be-



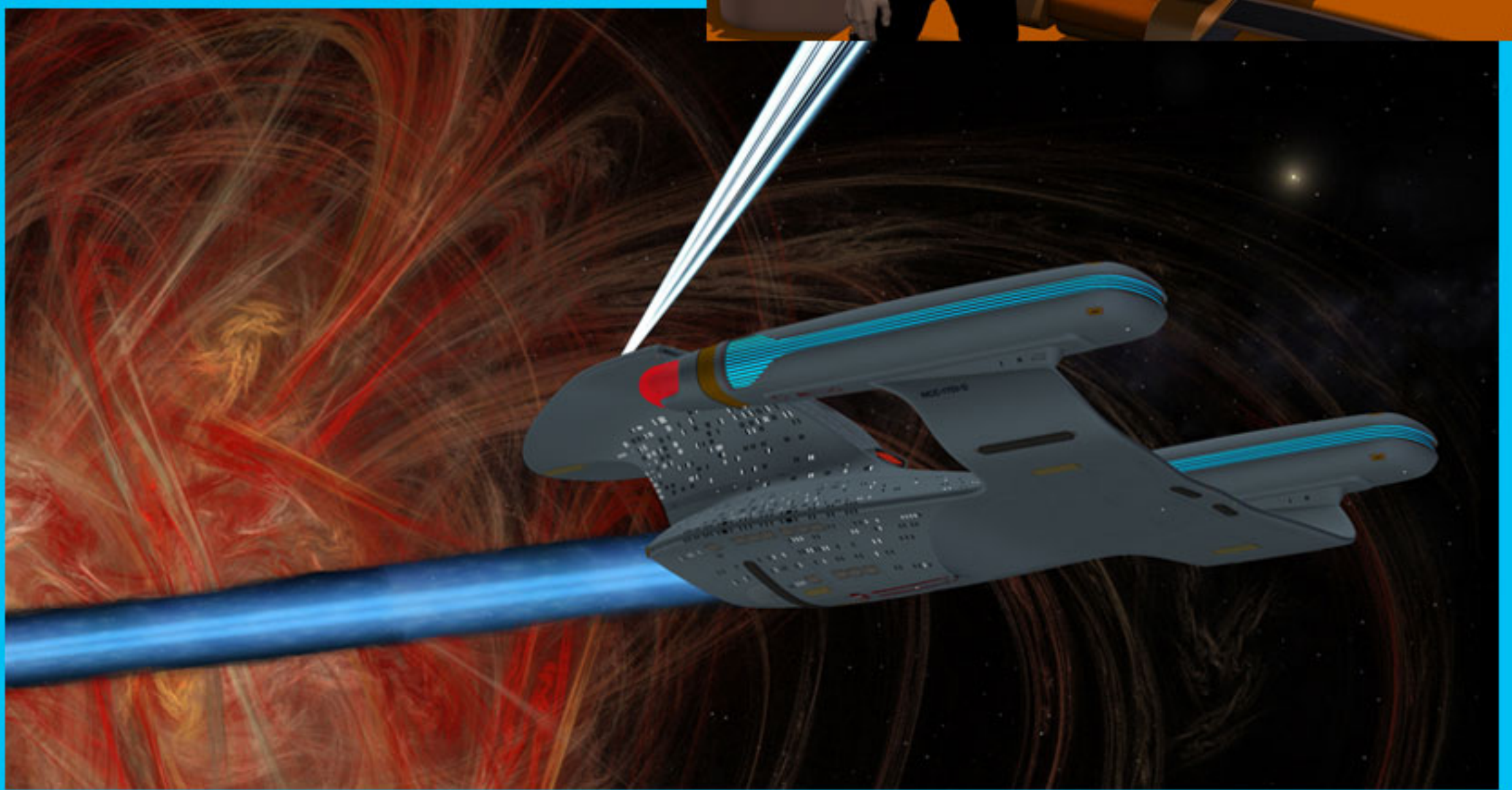
The tractor beam. It's not part of the weapons systems.



Adjust it to repel and it'd be like getting hit with an asteroid.



Do it.





LaForge: The tractor beam shoved them into the distortion's gravity well.



Data...



Can you function?



My right arm is off-line.

Several....systems ...are damaged.

Can you stand?



With help.

Can you resume your post?



Captain, we're getting
feed back on the beam-

-and the energy levels
are rising.

It's going to blow!

Cut the beam!

Divert power to
the shields!

Helm, bring us about.
Full-






Anyone hurt?

Report.



The shockwave has
carried Gul Balad
closer to the
Enterprise.



Torpedoes-

That system just went down.

The *Enterprise's* shields
have just collapsed.



On screen.

Captain, their shields
and weapons are
off-line.

She's planning to ram us.

Bring us about,
Ensign. Head on.

Set course for the
Enterprise- maximum
speed.

Data, I need something.

I believe I have-

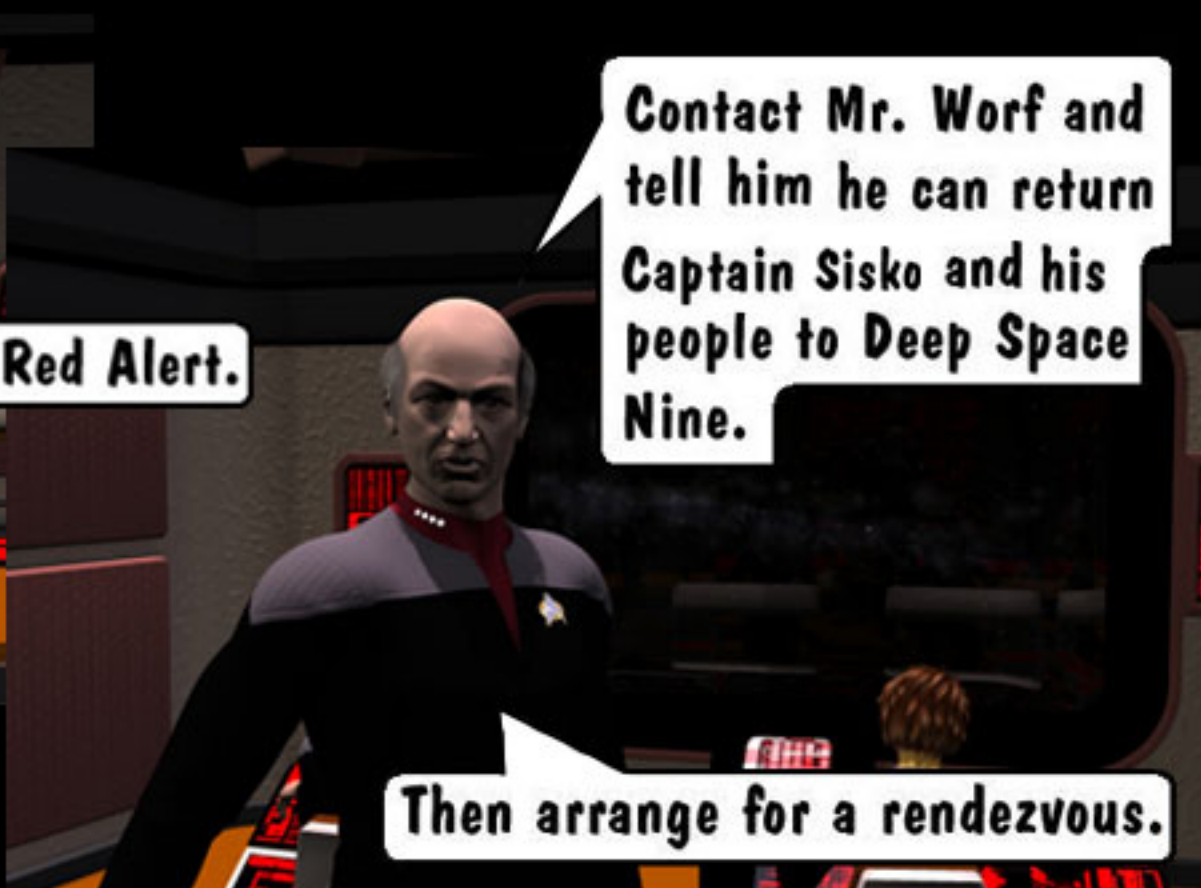
Then use it!





Cancel Red Alert.

Her environment's stable, but she's not going anywhere on her own.



Contact Mr. Worf and tell him he can return Captain Sisko and his people to Deep Space Nine.

Then arrange for a rendezvous.



Captain, the *Constitution* is hailing us.

On screen.

Jean-Luc.

Can I assume the shouting's over?



That depends.

While the ships are being repaired, you can help me challenge that damn regulation.

On what I do?

Come with us to Starbase 296.



You *do* have some experience in legal matters.



Agreed.

But we have to rendezvous
with the saucer first.

Understood.

We'll take Gul Balad
in tow and await your
signal.



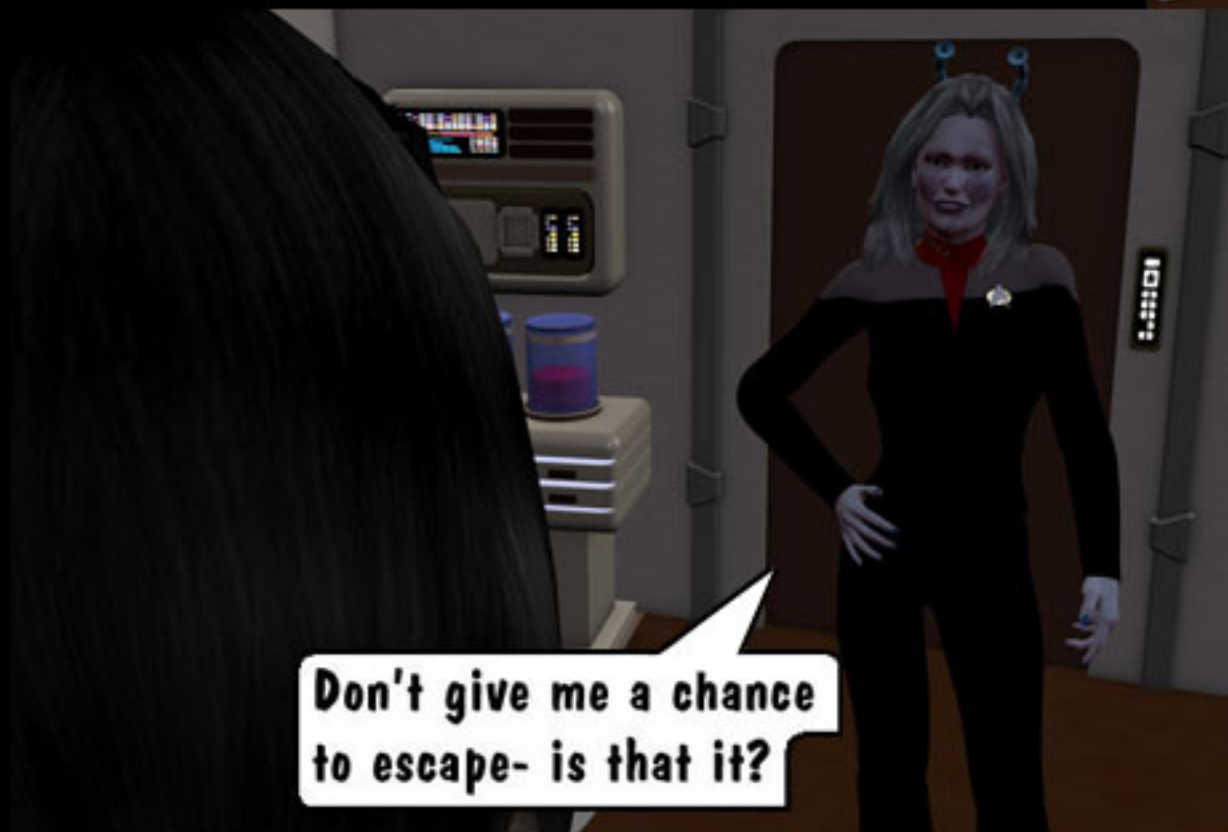
Captain, I will need Geordi's
services as soon as he is
available.

He's on his way.

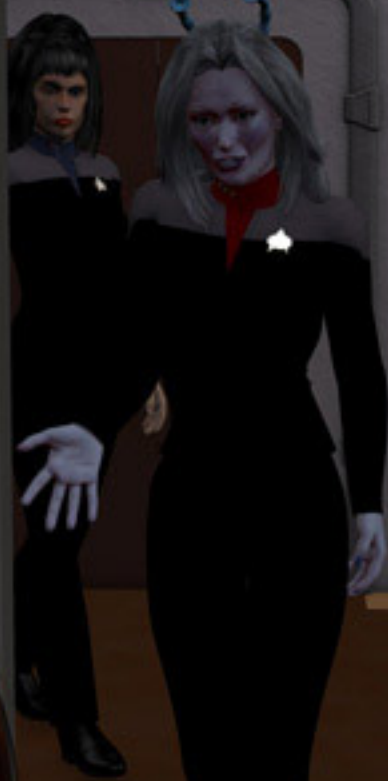
Picard out.

The *Constitution's* Sickbay
a short while later.





I can come back later if you're busy.

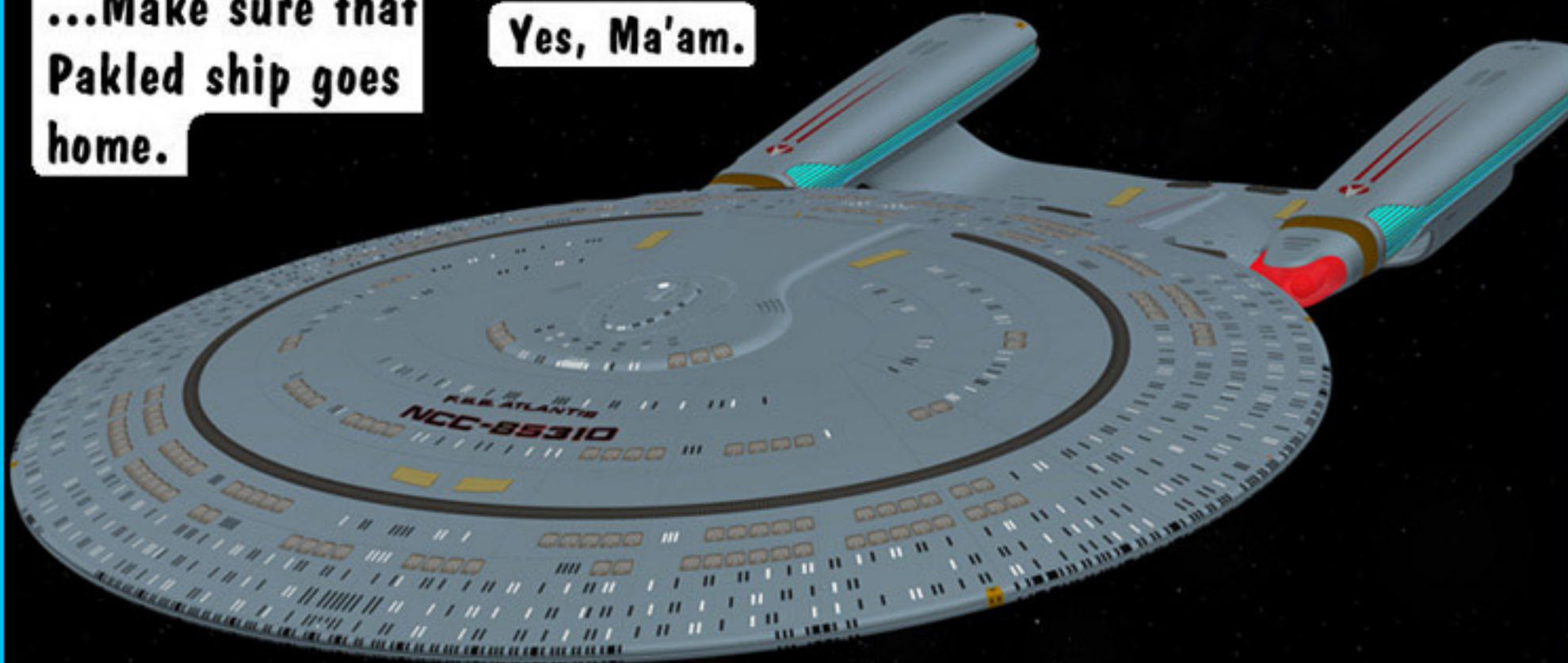


Lock the doors.



...Make sure that Pakled ship goes home.

Yes, Ma'am.



Pakleds...

Captain?

Don't tell me.

They couldn't figure out how to turn their ship around.

No, Ma'am.



What is it, then?

We've recieved another
all points message from
the *Enterprise*.

What's it say?

Captain Picard has
canceled Regulation
279, paragraph 4.

He says the crisis
is over and the
situation is now
nominal.

Understood.

Have Commander Gallaway
set course for our next mission-
Warp One.

Yes, Ma'am.

Told you.

With Jean-Luc and Thelen on
the scene, they didn't need me.

I don't have to be in
the middle of *every* crisis.

How about
some dinner?

You want twenty-fourth century
or twentieth?

Merrowl.

Fifteenth? — Yuck!



Captain's Log; Stardate 47323.4

We arrived at Starbase 296 Following one of Commander Riker's patented dockings. While repairs were being seen to, Thelen, Dr. Holmes, Data and I met with Admiral Givens and his chief medical officer, Dr. Sortel.

Records of the meeting were sent to Starfleet Command and for the last three days, we have been awaiting a reply...



Ba-leep!

Come.



Yes, Data?

Your new First Officer
is here.



Sallen.



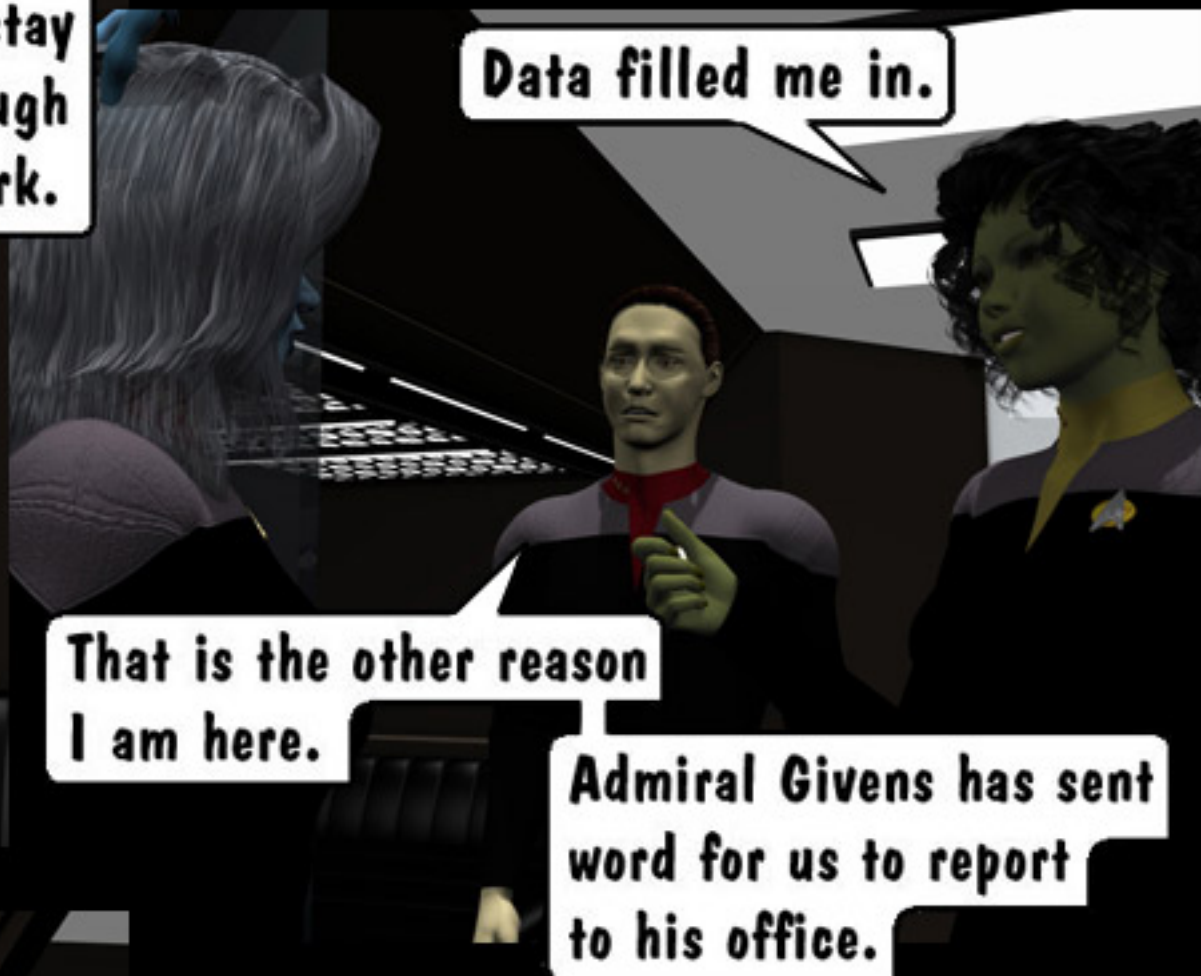
Reporting for duty, Captain.

When I heard you needed a new first Officer, I requested the assignment.



Welcome aboard.

I hope I get to stay around long enough to see you at work.



Data filled me in.

That is the other reason I am here.

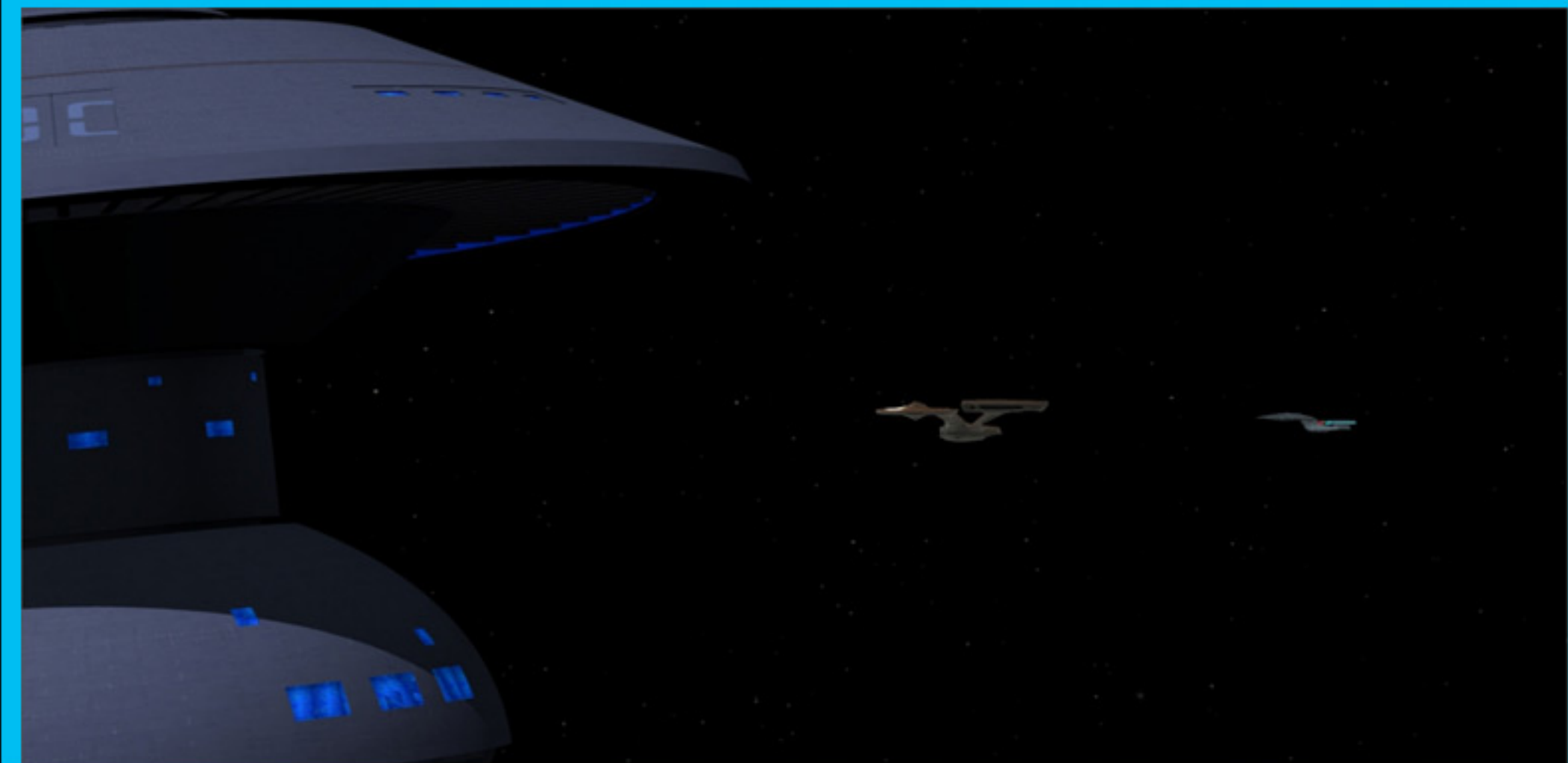
Admiral Givens has sent word for us to report to his office.



Good luck.



Thanks.



Come on in.

Computer, replay the message recieved from Grand Admiral Mikels this stardate.

Yes, sir. On screen.



Hello, Robert.

I suggest you call Captains Picard and Thelen, Dr. Holmes and Commander Data to your office.

I'll assume you've done so.



Thelen, I make it my business to know who my ships' captains are. As such, I was already familiar with your record.

Your challenge of your medical discharge has caused quite a stir here at Command.



The Chief of Starfleet Medical called for a review of your case- which is why it took so long to get back to you.

Medical regulation 298-7B was initiated when Andor joined the Union. It's believed to have preserved the lives of both Andorians and those that served with them.



At that time, very little was known about Falballak and Albaline did not exist.

However, it does exist today and it's proven effective.

As such, effective this date, I am ordering 298-7B repealed.



Thelen, not everyone can be a starship captain. Your record to date makes it clear that you belong in the Center Seat.

Now that the choice is yours, it's my hope that you'll remain in that seat for many more years to come.



Whatever you decide, you have my full support.

Mikels out.



Congratulations, Captain.

Thank you, sir.

Some hours later-
the *Constitution's* Rec Room...



Jean-Luc.

Thank you for
standing by me.

'Family' can have many definitions.



But I'm afraid that even family must eventually take their leave.

Sometimes, 'Friends' can fit as easily as 'Mother and Son'.

We've recieved orders for our next assignment.

Take care- and I expect more than one letter every couple of years. Is that clear?

Yes, Ma'am.

HUMMMMMM

Did they say where they were going?

No.

But you can bet that wherever it is, it won't be dull.



END

STARSHIP CAPTAIN...

GRAND ADMIRAL...

UNION PRESIDENT...

DIPLOMAT...

***FOR OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS, SHE
HAS DEDICATED HER LIFE TO
PRESERVING AND PROTECTING THE
UNION.***

***NOW, SHE STEPS FORWARD ONE
LAST TIME, FOR ONE FINAL VOYAGE...***

NEXT TIME...

THE NOVA TREK SERIES FINALE:

***NOVA
TREK***



**MDB
COMICS
Book
13**

"BEGINNING'S END"

COMING IN 2016

MDBruffy

Amok time arena

TMP and TNG turbo lifts

TMP corridor

TMP cabin-

(various assesories from Renderosity)

(chairs by Ptrope)

Galaxy-class Ready Room

(chairs by Patience55)

FSS Atlantis Briefing room decor

Geordi's visor

Albaline bottle

Admiral Given's office

Grand Admiral Mikel's office

Gul Balad's environment

Vanishingpoint

Bridge 6-(FSS West Virigina)

Sickbay

(Tripoli and Constitution color schemes
by MDBruffy)

(Some bio-beds by Patience55)

Battle Bridge

Transporter Room

(Modifications by MDBruffy)

Crew Quarters

(Modifications by MDBruffy)

Transporter effect

Bridge 8 (1701-D)

Starfleet Command Game site

Excelisor (FSS WEst Virigina)

Obereth class (Tripoli)

Constitution re-fit

Cardassian Galor-class

Stargazer (Ready room model)

Rduda

All Comm badges

Curved NG corridor

Briefing room chairs

1701 re-fit rec room

Isis' collar

Isolinear chip by Patience55

Special effects:

Spacial distortion by MDBruffy

Starfleet torpedo effect by Overseer

NG Phaser effects by euderion

explosions - Ronexplosions by Deviney

Voyager class desk monitor and PADD
by D.T. Ericsson

Tamera's coke cup by Trekkiegal

Livingston is from Content Paradise

Isis is based on the Daz Millenium cat

Built by David Metlesits and converted by Mattymanx

Enterprise 1701-D

Deep Space Nine

Earth Starbase

Cardassian Hebitian-class ship-
modeler unknown

Worf's sash by Little Dragon
(new texture by MDBruffy)

Riker and Worf's beards-

M4 beard from Daz Studio

Sketch-up

Briefing room

Outposr 114

Next Generation Uniforms

V₃ and M₃: Intergalactic from Poserworld
V₄ Courageous and M₄ Valiant from Daz
with DS9 uniform textures by Jed Hirsch

Cardassian Vest by Bluto

Troi dress-

V₄ Courageous tunic with textures by TimDeroo

Characters

Captain Tamera Kirk- V₃ base

Captain Thelen, Dr. Holmes, Lt.Commander Sallen,
Deanna Troi, Dr. Crusher, Gul Balad- V₄ base

Lt.Commander James Roberts- M₃ base

Captain Picard, Commander Riker, Commander Data,
Commander La Forge, Admiral Givens, Grand Admiral
Mikels- M₄ base

Orion and Andorian skin textures by Mylochka

Head morphs:

Thelen, Dr. Holmes, Geordi by MDBruffy

Worf and Dr.Crusher by Bluto

Deanna by akibabezao

(Aeryn character texture from Renderosity)

Data by Vilmur

(Textures by MDBruffy)

Captain Picard and Riker , Admirals Givens and Mikels by Wertz

Cardassian morph for V₄ by DarioFish

Software used

Poser 9

XP Paint

Photoshop Elements Ten

Sketch-up 8

Apophysis 2.09

